# The Nation

Vol. CIV NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1917 No. 2689

## The Week

TO judge by its proceedings thus far, the Congressional Committee inquiring into the alleged Wall Street "leak" had better plug up some holes nearer by. The leaking of tips to stock-brokers is a small affair compared with the leaking away of the brains and decency of Representatives. And it cannot be too plainly said that the way in which this investigation was started, and has till now been conducted, is a serious reflection upon the intelligence of Congress and also upon its sense of fair play. The Committee has voted to bring Lawson before the bar of the House for contempt. This is well enough, but what the Committee ought more to concern itself about is the question whether the whole affair is not bringing Congress into public contempt. For consider the origin of this inquisitorial proceeding. It was born of rumor. No member of the House had a single fact to go upon—except the fact that there had been a crash in Wall Street. From this was evolved the mass of unfounded gossip and round-the-corner scandal which was made the basis of the resolution to investigate. The member who introduced it, Representative Wood, of Indiana, had a great many flourishing whereases, and wagged his head with suppressed wisdom when talking to the Washington correspondents, but had to confess before the Committee that he had no evidence whatever. Even the "A. Curtis" letter—which bore on its face every sign of being anonymous—did not come into his possession until after he had moved to inquire. Mr. Wood is serving his first term in the House, but appears to have learned very rapidly the great rule of evidence in Congress—to believe implicitly every bit of calumny that is whispered into a credulous ear.

AS for the management of the investigation, it has been marked by nearly every vice conceivable. Chairman Henry, of the Rules Committee, began well by endeavoring to ascertain in private what the witnesses knew. He talked with the portentous Lawson, and frankly reported to the House that the Boston Furioso had no knowledge whatever about the "leak," and that, so far as appeared, there was not even a *prima-facie* case for investigation. But the House fell into one of its fits of folly, led on by its most gullible and inconsequential members—men like Bennet and Gardner—and voted that the Committee must forthwith inquire and report within ten days. From that moment we have had the flood of silliness and unfairness. Representative Wood was permitted to unpack in public his hamper of soiled linen. Every man whom he accused, with nothing to go upon but the most wretched tittle-tattle, has instantly come forward with indignant and sweeping denials; and Mr. Wood has been forced with shame to admit that he had not a shred of proof for his charges. Such methods are incapable of defence. A rural justice of the peace would throw stuff like this out of court with wrath and strong language.

UPON the problem of Pershing and his troops the geographical trend of the fighting in Mexico has direct bearing. More and more the Villista storm-centre is passing away from the border and in the general direction of the Durango Mountains. The first display of organized Villista strength occurred with the capture of Parral several months ago. Then came the northern swing towards Chihuahua City and the threat against Juarez, which would have brought trouble to our very doors. That threat has rapidly subsided. Chihuahua was quickly recovered. Now Parral, Jimenez, and Santa Rosalia are once more in Carranza's control and the insurgent tide has ebbed out of Chihuahua State altogether. Whatever may be the meaning of the puzzling campaign methods by which Carranza's garrisons surrender large towns to the Villistas only to retake them with ease, the fact remains that the chances of a Villista raid on the border are less now than they have ever been since Pershing entered Mexico. Something like the condition demanded by our Administration has been established. An active Carranzista army is operating under an active commander between the bandit forces and the border. Carranza himself is not pressing us for action. It is the psychological moment for the withdrawal of Pershing's forces and the commencement of constructive work for Mexico with all of the good will that would be released by such action.

PEACE rumors will not down. Despite the Kaiser's impetuous appeals to his soldiers to steel their hearts against an enemy who has refused a magnanimous offer of peace, nowhere is it believed that the negotiations have been finally broken off. And every day brings new evidence of the real moving force behind Germany's proposal to end hostilities. This is the increasing destitution and the deepening discontent among the people of the Teutonic Powers. All the indications are that Austria is worse off than even Germany. From Hungary have come reports of misery growing almost unbearable. The new Austro-Hungarian Emperor is plainly anxious for peace, and it is no idle guess that the interview of the Austrian Prime Minister with the Emperor William had to do with plans for renewing negotiations in order to come to terms with the Allies. More and more is it becoming clear that the sea-power of England and France has been doing its work, exerting an economic pressure which cannot be indefinitely resisted.

THE safest guess about the meeting of Allied Premiers in Rome is that it has little to do with the momentous military operations of which it has been made the prelude by clairvoyant correspondents. After two and a half years of war it is still the habit to assume that Hindenburg and Joffre never fail to give notice of the next thing they intend to do; this in spite of the fact that the great battles of the war have never followed upon those dramatic arrivals of the Kaiser at the front which were to be their signal, or after significant consultations between Joffre and Haig or between Asquith and Briand. The most obvious purpose of the meeting in Rome was a general inventory and reaffirmation of Allied sentiment, following upon the governmental reconstruction in England and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

France. The Mediterranean question naturally must have been to the front, not only because it concerns Italy most closely, but because it enters into the entire scheme of future Allied operations. But it is certain that financial and economic problems were on the programme. For one thing, coal is a very pressing problem for Italy, and shipping is another big question. The Mediterranean has been the scene of very heavy submarine losses for the Allies. How to economize and protect British shipping without sacrificing Italy's needs was unquestionably discussed in Rome.

IT is to save the Belgians from themselves that von Bissing has been transporting them into Germany, to save them from starvation, idleness, and demoralization. The first crop of Bissing's benevolence is now being harvested. It is being shipped back to Belgium in cattle cars and in the form of men broken with hunger, maltreatment, and disease. Owing to a slight miscalculation on the part of the German authorities, the labor camps which were to shelter the salvaged Belgians in Germany have had to be turned into prison camps. The miscalculation has to do with a matter on which German reckoning has more than once gone astray, the human soul. It is unpardonable, unthinkable, that Belgians should prefer to starve in their own country rather than labor under favorable conditions in an adjoining country, which simply happens to be the country that has conquered and crushed them. What business is it of civilians, anyhow, to concern themselves with the business of war, to keep up moral guerrilla tactics long after the clash of armies has decided, to refuse to look hard facts in the face? But such is the criminally perverse and obstinate state of mind of the people of Belgium! And such is the mind of Germany. After two years and a half she still cannot understand. She clutters about with her feet in the spiritual morass into which her General Staff plunged her on August 4, 1914, bewildered, angry, resentful, well-meaning—and never understanding.

THE audience which packed the Academy of Music at Philadelphia on Sunday formed the latest of the meetings which are being held in our great cities to protest against the Belgian deportations. In Boston, in New York at the great meeting in Carnegie Hall, in Baltimore, and now in Philadelphia, the intensity of the feeling on the subject has been amply manifested. The meeting in Philadelphia was called to "register the abhorrence with which the American people in general, and citizens of Philadelphia in particular, view the German process of turning noncombatant Belgians into substitutes for German workingmen sent into military life." That this abhorrence ought to be felt in equal degree by Americans in every walk of life is evident; but to the mass of the working people the facts of the case have not been sufficiently brought home. It is to be hoped that something may be accomplished in this regard by the moving appeal addressed by 500,000 Belgian workingmen to their American brethren. In the terrible situation in which they find themselves, a situation which only a few short weeks ago would have seemed impossible in our day, these Belgian working people, threatened with a peculiarly abhorrent form of slavery, ask the workingmen of America to throw their influence with our Government into the scale to put a stop to this outrage.

SURELY, not in many years has New York heard a more moving narrative than that told so simply and straightforwardly by Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington on Saturday night. The story of the deliberate murder of her husband, against whom no accusation of misconduct of any kind was ever made, she related with amazing self-restraint. The facts in themselves, proved in court and in Parliament, are terrible enough. She was not bitter even in relating her interview with Mr. Asquith, with his insulting assumption that the terrible injury done to her could be offset by compensation in money. It is against the whole system of misgovernment in Ireland and of that British militarism which murdered at least fifty Irishmen without warrant or excuse during the revolution that she is here to protest, and we heartily wish that she may receive the widest hearing throughout this country. No one could listen to her recital of what has happened in Ireland without being impressed, in view of the fact that she and her husband had never been connected with the party which advocated force or believed in any sort of revolution except by peaceful means.

IT was, we suppose, too much to expect that Great Britain could wage a war without having an army scandal because of the intrigues by women of title and prominence. It had been supposed, however, that in this struggle, upon which, we are told, the fate and the future of England depend, this sort of thing would have been subordinated to considerations of the public welfare. Not at all. Unquestionably, the case of Mrs. William Cornwallis-West reveals the same old petticoat influences at work which have always affected the usefulness and efficiency of the British army. These reached the high-water mark of their baleful influence in the Boer War, during which it was openly said that the favor of certain women of prominence must be procured prior to advancement. The exceptional happening just now is that the court of inquiry this time has made an admirable report, sparing no one, not even the lady in question, and letting in the daylight so thoroughly that a long step towards putting an end to this sort of backstairs favoritism must have been taken. It is all an extraordinary story, not the least because it was the resistance of a mere sergeant to being promoted by the great lady's favor which led to the exposure of the whole intrigue, and even to the rapping over the knuckles of the Field-Marshal lately commanding all of his Majesty's troops in France—far-reaching consequences of adamant virtue in a lowly position!

PRESIDENT WILSON is to be heartily congratulated on the auspicious start that will be given to the work of the newly created Tariff Commission through its chairmanship being filled by Professor Taussig. His qualifications for that post are unique, but it seemed for a time doubtful that he could be induced to undertake its burdens. Professor Taussig is not only the best-equipped man in the country for this position in point of knowledge and training, but the extraordinarily judicial temper of his mind will cause any judgments he may pronounce on controverted questions to be accepted on all sides with a degree of confidence which those of no other man that we can think of would be likely to command. There is one thing, however, that it will not do to expect from him, and this is the solution of insoluble problems. When a subject is so involved that it is impossible to pronounce a confident judgment upon it, Professor Taussig has an uncomfortable habit of plainly saying so. Just how far this will interfere

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the getting of showy "results" by the Commission experience alone can tell.

THE resolution adopted by the Senate Democrats and aimed at "pork" is worth a dozen planks in a platform. Coming when it did, it brought timely as well as powerful support to the President in his opposition to both the Public Buildings and the Rivers and Harbors bills as they have appeared in the House. It is support from the right quarter. An Executive should not be left to conduct such a fight alone, or against the bulk of his party. The responsibility is that of Congress as much as it is his. The credit for stopping the contemplated raid upon the Treasury will now be shared between the President and the Democratic Senators, in particular Senator Newlands, who offered the resolution declaring it to be the sense of the caucus "that the Appropriations Committee be supported in its efforts to prevent increases beyond the actual needs of the Government and as far as possible to obtain decreases." This action shows that the strength which the sentiment against extravagance has attained outside of Washington is at last realized in the Capitol. It also forms a precedent which may easily be a rallying point for future opposition to such measures, whether introduced in Democratic or Republican Congresses. Adoption of a similar resolution by the House caucus would be the best political stroke that the Democrats could make at this time.

SECRETARY McADOO'S statement about the condition of the Treasury is not the least of the blows which are falling upon the Public Buildings bill. Its fate in its present form seems sealed. If we cannot meet our necessary expenditures, what member of Congress will urge the voting of money for unnecessary ones? A more comprehensive menace is contained in the President's declaration to Chairman Sparkman, of the House Rivers and Harbors Committee, that he is opposed, not merely to huge appropriations for such matters, but also to the very method of making appropriations for them. He suggests a commission which should be entrusted with the task of determining the expenditure of the money appropriated, with the view of systematizing improvements and thus employing the funds at its disposal in a more economical manner. This hits at the heart of the custom, which is the individual Congressman's influence with his associates for his share of a grand grab-bag. Its boldness is to be gauged by the difference between attacking mere States' rights and leading an assault upon districts' rights, but there is no doubt that a firm President can go far in this direction. Meanwhile, the addition to the President's powers of the authority to veto items in appropriation bills is again being urged. This, however, would require amendment of the Constitution.

NOT the least interesting or important feature of Gov. McCall's message to the Massachusetts Legislature is its party aspect. There was nothing partisan in the message, but this is the very reason for observing its political effect. Gov. Johnson did not win his place in California and in the Republican party by posing as a partisan; the opposite was the case. His opportunities in the Senate and in the next National Republican Convention have come to him because, upon whatever ticket he ran, voters of all parties or of none supported him. A like consequence was confidently expected from the nomination of Hughes. All through the West Republican Governors may be found who have been doing on a smaller scale, and in a quieter way, the sort of thing that has brought Johnson to the front. The question confronting the party, therefore, has seemed to be the making of sufficient political capital out of this condition to carry it across the shoals upon which it stuck in November. Hence the talk of Johnson for 1920. But McCall suddenly makes it evident that the progressive, even the radical, Republicans do not all live west of the Mississippi. In so doing, he has struck a blow for real party unity. Nothing can sooner dissipate the doubts of half-persuaded Progressives than declarations like his, nor could anything be healthier for the half-recovered party than a genuine contest for the Presidential nomination among a group of progressive Republicans.

FUTURE generations may learn with amazement that half a century after the freeing of the negroes there were enough illegal executions of colored men and women to warrant the tabulation of statistics. These future generations may have to exercise the historical imagination to realize that we felt genuinely encouraged when we read that lynchings of both white and colored persons had, in 1916 as compared with 1915, dropped from 67 to 54, those of negroes from 54 to 50. They may wonder at the dispassionate way in which the head of Tuskegee classified the murders by States, as if he were enumerating nothing more moving than the number of picture galleries, showing Georgia in the lead last year with 14, Texas following with only 9. Upon one point they may share our curiosity: the causes of the killings. Three of the four white men and 7 of the 50 negroes were lynched for having committed murder. The fourth white man was suspected of cutting a woman. More negroes were lynched for killing officers of the law than for any other offence, these numbering 10. Then came attempted rape, 9; hog-stealing and assisting a person to escape, 6; wounding officers of the law, 4; rape, 3; insult, 2. Nine other offences resulted in one lynching each. It should at last be evident that Judge Lynch is fairly impartial; he does not care particularly what is the charge upon which he dooms the victim.

AT first sight it would seem difficult to call an institution undemocratic which embraces 85 per cent. of the members of any community. That is the proportion of the two upper classes taken in by the dining clubs of Princeton. But it is precisely because the dining clubs at Princeton, like the fraternities in all the colleges, take in so many and leave out so comparatively few that they stand out as a caste without anything of the justification that might be pleaded for caste. They are too crowded to be select. Apparently, it has been found that it is enough to leave one man of ten on the outside in order to imbue the other nine with the comfortable feeling of being on the inside. But the protest signed by the Princeton insurgents touches on a point which is really of more significance than the question of democracy. In order to make a club, "a man must repress enough of his individuality to conform to the standards which the upper classmen may determine." The undergraduate, imitative enough at best, submits solemn-eyed to a process of ironing out in reference to standards which he accepts as being handed down from Sinai, instead of the rather childish make-believe they are.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Ambassadors at Washington

SENATOR LODGE was warranted in his implied rebuke to Ambassador Bernstorff. The latter was indiscreet in coming out with a public statement about President Wilson's note. It is one of the elementary rules of diplomacy that an Ambassador in a foreign country shall make no public comments upon an act of the Government to which he is accredited. The excuse is offered that Count Bernstorff was but following the instructions of the German Government. That, however, only removes the impropriety one degree. Such indiscretions prejudice, rather than forward, the cause which they are intended to serve. Yet we dare say that Lord Northcliffe's press in England will go on speaking of the way in which Bernstorff has "completely outgeneralled" the British Ambassador at Washington, and will keep up the clamor for the removal of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice.

It is easy to understand why the British Ambassador has not succeeded in pleasing the proprietor of sensational newspapers who is now setting himself up as dictator in England. Sir Cecil has not been a talking Ambassador. He has preferred to do his work in quiet. Very few statements has he felt it necessary to give to the press at all, and these have been unexceptionable in form. Nor has he believed it desirable to conduct an open British propaganda in the United States. One reason for this may have been that he was fully aware that the preponderating American sentiment has all along been pro-Ally. He was content to let well enough alone. But all this, of course, is not Lord Northcliffe's idea of diplomacy. He would have every question debated by megaphone, and every official communication printed immediately in capital letters and in red ink.

English public life is now having its period of Northcliffe terrorism, just as we in this country had to go through Hearst's. Our own would-be dictator by a shrieking press we have happily retired to a position where he merely goes through his contortions unheeded. England's may have a considerable run yet; and so it is possible that his demand for a "live wire" in the British Embassy at Washington—for some big, "brainy," and bounding Ambassador who will make the President sit up—may lead to the recall of Spring-Rice. We should hope that Mr. Balfour at the Foreign Office would not be weak enough to yield to the shrill outcries of Northcliffe. That they come from an entirely mistaken point of view, if not from prejudice and malice, can hardly be doubted. For if the sensation-loving English newspapers wished to do so, how easily could they magnify and jubilate over the diplomatic successes of the British Ambassador! They could assert that he had compelled the American Government to reverse itself on the question of armed merchantmen; that he had prevented an embargo on the export of war munitions; that he had made possible the flotation in the United States of huge British loans; that he had, in a word, won enormous practical triumphs, while the German Ambassador had nothing to show for all his feverish activity. This would be either untrue or exaggerated, but that is no reason why Northcliffe's papers should not have affirmed it in big type. They have chosen, rather, to attack Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, just as they attacked Mr. Bryce before him.

We are not concerned to defend the work of the British Ambassador at Washington. It is not for Americans to judge of it, except as it has been unobtrusive and diplomatically correct. Sir Cecil has stuck to his job and kept silent about it. This of itself is a high qualification. An Ambassador ought not to feel complimented when he is gossiped about any more than should a woman. The less he sets tongues wagging the better. And it ought not to be forgotten that a diplomat may be eminently successful without eminent abilities. Proof of this was advanced years ago by John Quincy Adams in the case of an early British Minister to the United States. Writing in his Diary of Mr. Bagot, he said:

> No English Minister has ever been so popular; and the mediocrity of his talents has been one of the principal causes of his success. This is so obvious that it has staggered my belief in the universality of the maxim that men of the greatest talents ought to be sought out for diplomatic missions. Bagot has become a better Minister than a much abler man would have been.

This, of course, was not the whole story. Adams went on to remark that "for a negotiation that would require great energy of mind, activity of research, or fertility of expedient, such a man would not be competent." He continued to urge, however, that ordinarily "a man of good breeding, inoffensive manners, and courteous deportment is nearer to the true diplomatic standards than one with the genius of Shakespeare, the learning of Bentley, the philosophical penetration of Berkeley, or the wit of Swift." To a raging sensationalist like Lord Northcliffe, this would seem rank heresy, but John Quincy Adams knew what he was talking about. As Secretary of State he had a furibund English Minister, Sir Stratford Canning, to deal with, and left a record of the way in which he applied the Adams cold douche to the ineffective heats of that diplomat.

# Peace and Food in Germany

THE chorus of bitter resentment with which the note of the Allies was received by the German press had a well-drilled precision about it that suggests a conductor's bâton swung from official headquarters. Natural wrath might explain the unanimous outcry that the Allies had behaved exactly as they might be expected to behave, that peace was done for, and that there was nothing for it but to buckle down and see this business through with the sword. But natural wrath would not evaporate so suddenly as to produce the striking contrast between the tone of the German newspapers on one day last week and the tone the day after. It seems rather as if the newspapers were under orders to hurl one loud shout of defiance at the enemy, and then to go on arguing with the enemy as much as they please. The move to peace is not dead, neither in the belligerent countries nor in the neutral countries. The move to peace cannot be dead when the Berlin *Vorwärts* "returns" to a discussion of peace and argues that the only way out is by compromise and understanding. It cannot be dead when the *Frankfurter Zeitung* prints a list of peace terms that Germany cannot accept, and we find that Germany cannot agree to Russia's conquering Constantinople, France's taking Alsace-Lorraine, Servia's taking Austrian territory. Are these the words of a victorious peace? Plainly, the instinct for peace is stronger than the desire for victory.

And the evidence is cumulative that the lack of food in Germany is the main factor behind the desire for peace. We need not talk of starvation, nor yet of defeat. There is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a difference between a people being starved into ruinous defeat and a people being driven by lack of food into an irresistible clamor for peace if decent terms may be obtained. If it be indeed a war of destruction which the Allies are waging upon Germany, then starvation as a means of ending the war may as well be dismissed. The German people will submit to all sacrifices, and if the national resolution should slacken, we believe German leadership resolute enough to enforce the same discipline at home that it would enforce upon a mutinous army in the field. Putting starvation aside, the fact of under-nourishment is admitted by the German authorities. It appears in von Hindenburg's pleas for enough food for the munition workers. It appears in the newspaper complaints against inefficient and inequitable food administration. It appears in the recriminations between town and country and between Bavaria and Prussia. It is revealed in the stories which eye-witnesses bring back from Germany of a civilian people depressed and listless with insufficient food. "If everybody else is obliged to tighten his belt to still the disquieting clamors of his stomach," writes *Vorwärts*. This figure of the tightened belt is a commonplace of discussion in the empire. Savants learnedly discuss the possible permanent effects of under-nourishment and the psychology of half-rations. They bring to bear all the minutiæ of German method upon the analysis of the phenomena of hunger.

How serious is the strain upon the German people may be conjectured from one factor which is not often taken into the reckoning. And that is the extent to which Germany was a food-importing country before the war. It is usually assumed that she might snap her fingers at the British blockade if war only permitted her to employ her own food resources to the full. As it is, the lack of labor, the lack of fertilizer, and bad crop conditions such as obtain all over the world are held responsible for the crisis which the German people face in the failure of their potato crop. It is a commonplace to say that England, if cut off from her foreign grain supplies, would be reduced to starvation in a month. What is not so well known is that, just before the war, Germany's food imports were one-half of Britain's food imports. England was importing food to the value of $120 per head of population. Germany was importing food to the value of $40 per head of population. The disappearance of this supply has not meant to her the speedy ruin which it would bring to England, but what the cumulative effect after two years and a half must be we can easily conjecture. It is probable that Germany before the war imported one-fifth of her food requirements. Subtract that amount, subtract the enormous decrease resulting from war conditions and accident to crops, add the increased per-capita consumption for the men on the firing line and in the munition factories—for these must be heartily fed—and half-rations is not a figure of speech for the German masses.

Germany and her victorious armies stand to-day like King Midas. Everything her generals touch may turn into the gold of victory, but the seventy million people of Germany cannot live on war-maps. That is why, after the first perfunctory outlash of wrath against the Allies, there is a return in the German newspapers to discussion; a reiteration of the folly of indefinite deadlock; a reiteration of Germany's determination not to be crushed. This insistence that Germany cannot be crushed carries the implication that, aside from that, everything else may be arranged.

# Middle Europe and Bulgaria

WHEN the Allies rejected Germany's peace offers as a sham proposal intended primarily to work dissension within the Entente, they were not charging Bethmann-Hollweg with a peculiarly heinous offence. This war has witnessed many sorrier infractions of the moral law than is involved in trying to stir up trouble in an opponent's camp. The really interesting question is whether, now that Germany has made her attempt to sow dissension and has failed, the Allies in turn may not find a way to open up a rift in the harmony of the Central Powers. This time it is not a matter of a separate peace such as Germany may have had some reason for expecting from Russia or from France. In the case of the Central Powers a separate peace, though talked about during the early phases of the war, is inconceivable. But there may be as between Germany and her allies a difference of degree in the determination to carry on the war, a difference in the capacity for sacrifice, and finally, a difference in outlook beyond the war, when, for all the chains of alliance which Germany may weld around Central Europe, separate national aspirations are by no means certain to surrender easily to the requirements of Germany's Middle Europe. There cannot be conceived enough difference of opinion within the counsels of the Central Powers for a separate peace, but there may easily be enough difference of opinion to influence the shaping of the terms Berlin will have to offer.

It is neither from Austria nor from Turkey, among Berlin's allies, that we may expect any self-assertion such as would be likely to embarrass German purposes and diplomacy. Austria and Turkey are in the position of having to be thankful for what they may receive. Their military services to the general cause have been far less than the benefit they have derived. It is different with Bulgaria. She may well believe that she has contributed to the Teutonic cause some of its proudest victories. Indeed, if we take the three notable achievements of German arms, the victories upon which German claims of the war-maps are now based, we find that in two of these, the conquest of Servia and the conquest of Rumania, the Bulgars have more than played a part; they made those operations possible. Whereas Austria and Turkey have been a liability, Bulgaria has shown a profit from the first. It follows that Bulgaria's attitude towards the senior partner in the firm would show far more independence than that of Austria or Turkey. She would be more inclined to put forward her own views in the general Teutonic scheme of European reconstruction, and in that scheme she would be less inclined to see her own rôle subordinated to the necessities of Germanic expansion.

Some such spirit is revealed in the recent debate in the Sofia Parliament. The Opposition had criticised the Government for allowing the Bulgar armies to be employed in operations in Rumania north and west of the Danube where the ambitions of the Bulgar people do not lie. Apparently, the feeling was that, having helped the Teutonic armies to conquer Servia last year and Rumania this year, there was no need for Bulgaria to make sacrifices for German schemes against Russia, or for that matter to wipe out Rumania completely. To such charges Premier Radoslavoff replied:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I assure you the essential part of Bulgaria's task in the war is done. To those who complain that we are seeking too much I reply that we are not fanatics, but that we know the aspirations of the Bulgarian people. . . . All German and Austrian officers in Bulgaria are subservient to the Bulgarian command. I make the declaration with the full authority of the Government.

Here is plain evidence of a very resolute Bulgarian spirit and pride which may be a factor in the future conduct of the war and in its settlement. It by no means foreshadows a "break" with Germany before peace is signed, or after. But it does argue in Sofia a mind of its own which Allied diplomacy, if it ever succeeds in recovering from the palsy that has marked all its Balkan operations, might turn to its own profit.

To what extent, for instance, will Bulgarian national aspirations fit in with the great plan of Middle Europe, with the huge Teutonic scheme of Berlin-Bagdad which is at present assumed to be the profit which Germany hopes to bring out of the war? Austria fits into the Middle Europe scheme because she has nowhere else to go. Turkey, for precisely the same reason. To Bulgaria, in this project, will certainly be accorded an honored place. She will be the guardian of the famous Corridor to Asia. She will extend her boundaries from Costanza to Monastir. There will be no humiliation for a small people to play the satellite to Berlin, especially when it has shown that it can bring as much to the partnership as it takes out. But who shall set the limit to national aspirations? Bulgaria, squatting between the Black Sea and the Ægean, may be visualized as the guardian of the Corridor which makes Middle Europe possible. But she may also be visualized as grasping the windpipe of Middle Europe. The vision of a great Balkan state under Bulgarian hegemony, the vision of Constantinople in Bulgarian hands, may come to tempt Sofia with the fact that little nations before this have grown into great ones. The dream of a Bulgarian Near East may yet come into conflict with the scheme of a Germanic Middle Europe. That rôle which for so many years a decrepit Turkey was enabled to play between two rival groups of Powers, a strong Bulgaria seated on the waterways between Europe and Asia may aspire to play in turn. She did not enter the war on the side of Germany as a crusade, but as a business "proposition." She may continue to keep an eye open for business.

## "Zone" Postal Rates

CONGRESS is again to try its hand at tinkering with the postal rates. The recent plan to shove up the charges on second-class matter all round having failed, the scheme now is to introduce a "zone" system. It is contained in the Post Office Appropriation bill reported to the House last week. The Postmaster-General was at first supposed to be in favor of the project, but latterly he is understood to have changed his mind, and the measure was adopted by the House Committee against his recommendation. The subject will quickly come up for debate, and it is important for the country to know exactly what is proposed, and what would be its effects.

If the bill is passed as reported, there will be a sliding scale of rates on second-class matter. Newspapers and magazines will continue to pay, as now, one cent per pound up to 300 miles from the place of publication. From 300 to 600 miles the rate will be increased to 2 cents, and so on proportionately until everything going over 1,800 miles will be charged at the rate of 6 cents the pound. Hence the name "zone" system. The argument is put forward that in this way the actual cost of transportation will more nearly be met by the postal rates. Few newspapers will be affected, as but few circulate to any extent beyond 300 miles from the places where they are printed; but magazines, weeklies, technical and scientific publications will be hard hit. This is so obvious that there can be no doubt that it was intended. A periodical published in New York, and now selling in San Francisco for ten cents, might have to pay six cents postage to get it there. Plainly, the price would have to be doubled, or else such sales given up, or else the publisher driven bankrupt.

In the *Engineering News* of December 21 there was an article dealing vigorously with this proposed change in the postal laws. It was characterized, none too harshly, as "A Bill to Suppress Publications of National Circulation." In fact, the taint of parochialism is all over the measure. The aim is to limit circulation to localities. It is more than hinted that some Western publishers would welcome the bill. They think that it would relieve them from the competition of Eastern magazines having a national reputation. Then they would be free to cultivate their own little literary preserve. But one thing which they do not see, or admit, is that the affair could not stop with magazines or the larger weeklies. It would necessarily involve also medical papers, scientific journals, the proceedings of engineering societies, and so on. Thus the zone system of postal rates would be, for a professor or a doctor living west of the Mississippi, a peculiarly obnoxious form of a tax on knowledge.

That the fancied economic basis of the bill is unsound, the *Engineering News* convincingly argues. The pretence is that second-class matter ought to pay a larger proportion of the actual cost to the Post Office. But this is completely to overlook the fact that the chief element in that cost is, as the *News* points out, the "terminal expense"—that is, the pay of the clerks and carriers who have to handle the mail. This is the same for 300 miles as for 1,800 miles. Indeed, it might actually cost the Post Office more to deliver a magazine in an isolated village 150 miles away—on account of the repeated handlings necessary—than to haul it from New York to Denver or Los Angeles. The alleged relative cost of service, upon which the bill proceeds, really will not bear examination.

Even if it could, the bill ought to be rejected as mischievous. Against it may be urged all the reasons that were advanced against the previous efforts to break with the established public policy of facilitating the distribution of good reading. And there is, in the present case, the added reason that the proposed bill would glaringly discriminate against publications of value to the whole nation. Fair play and common-sense are opposed to the root idea of the bill, and so is the national spirit. Everything that unifies Americans and binds them together and gives them common objects of interest ought to have the sedulous care of the Government. But here we have a proposal to destroy a truly nationalizing influence, and to split up the country into tiny patches, exclusive and jealous of each other. We hope that the truth will be clearly brought out in the Congressional debate, and that the scope and effect of the bill will be so conclusively shown to be harmful that it will be overwhelmingly defeated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Actors and Repertory

IN the current number of the *Century Magazine* Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske is credited by Mr. Alexander Woollcott with a series of vehement assertions concerning the value of the repertory system. They will seem curiously perverse to most students of stage art and history, and doubly strange as proceeding from an actress of her repute and long experience. Were they ascribed to a performer less prominent in the public eye they might well be allowed to pass unheeded and unchallenged; but since, in a purely restricted sense, they express an only too self-evident truth, they may be worth a few minutes' consideration. The repertory idea, she says, is "outworn, needless, impossible, and harmful." To assert this is not proof. In connection with some of her later remarks this array of impetuous adjectives is peculiarly unfortunate. She goes on to argue that this is an age of specialization, and that under the present system—if we understand her aright—actors may attain perfection in the special line to which they are adapted. So it was in the old repertory system, with the significant addition that the player learned to be proficient in several lines instead of one. In other words, he became versatile, an artist, who was a specialist in a dozen different ways. Granville Barker, she is made to declare, showed "the essence and the evil of the repertory theatre when he produced plays for which his company was utterly unfitted." But Mr. Barker's company was a scratch, not a repertory, company, as was abundantly proved by the results. In "Androcles" it did well enough, but in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" it failed egregiously, because it could not embody the spirit or voice the music of the text. Neither Mr. Barker nor his players had been properly schooled.

Does Mrs. Fiske really suppose that a repertory theatre can, in these days, be formed on the instant? At the stroke of a millionaire's wand? There was a time when this could have been done, when it would have been possible to collect a body of trained actors, with mastery of cultivated speech and varied illustrative action, from every point of the compass, but that ended a quarter of a century ago. She seems to think that the New Theatre Company was a repertory company just because it proposed to become one. That enterprise, so rich in promise, collapsed mainly for the reason that the idea of the true stock company, which means a coöperative body of players trained in all the requirements of miscellaneous drama, was, unhappily, ignored. The company ought to have been selected and set to work on the proposed programme for two or three years before the theatre was opened.

Nothing could be unluckier, for Mrs. Fiske's argument, than the reference to Irving's famous London Lyceum Company, which, she says, was composed of specialists. Here the fact is true, but the implication disingenuous. Specialists, in various directions, many of them, including Irving himself, they undoubtedly were, but how did they become such? All of them were the products of the thorough schooling they had received in these same needless, impossible, and harmful stock companies. Where are their equals to be found to-day? And why are they non-existent? "Janauschek," she cries, "was the last of a race of giants." Why are there no more of them? Whence did they spring, if not from the competitive stock companies, the only practical schools of acting? A. M. Palmer and Augustin Daly, she avers, often approached the ideal. That is true. Palmer triumphed because he never ventured out of the field in which his players were skilled workers. Daly put his "specialists" into poetic drama and demonstrated their utter inadequacy. Out of their narrow boundaries, transferred into realms of imagination from those of mimetic realism, they were impotent in speech and action. "No single company," says Mrs. Fiske, "even though it had years and years in which to prepare, could give five entirely different plays and give them all properly." Has she ever heard of Sadler's Wells? Even now, she says truly, good modern plays are often ruined by bad acting.

She suggests that the repertory system seeks to "educate the actor at the expense of the public and dramatic literature." That can only refer to the endowed theatre. Otherwise it would imply an extraordinary misconception of the real functions of the theatre. What profit to the public, or to literature, can there be in uneducated actors, without a glimmering of the higher beauties of the art which they profess? The number of our educated actors, except in a few special lines of purely contemporary and comparatively small artistic interest, is diminishing. Because of this condition the great mass of literary drama upon which the chief artistic claims of the theatre are dependent, is banished from the stage. In modern plays the best work is by actors who had their early training in repertory. The theatre must inevitably be progressive, catholic, and comprehensive. It must have a body of skilled professional artists, in the fullest meaning of the phrase, such as the competitive repertory system, embracing every class of drama, once provided. If there is any other way, it has not yet been discovered.

# A Symbol of Belgium

EMILE VERHAEREN'S tragic death is symbolic of his country's agony. While the German trains were carrying tens of thousands of Belgian workers into slavery, sapping the nation of its last fund of strength, another train, somewhere in France, crushed under its wheels the life and the song of its greatest poet, who, Fleming by birth and temperament and Walloon by the language of his verse, stood for the unity of the Belgian nation. "Les Ailes Rouges de la Guerre" is the title of his latest book of poetry, poems inspired by the war and the passions it had stirred in this fiery soul, and it seems as if, by his sudden death, his people had lost its voice to cry out to the world the unutterable woe of serfdom. He was, all his life, the voice of the oppressed. There is among "Les Flambeaux noirs," published twenty years ago, a poem called "La Révolte," describing the lurid spectacle of a town aflame with riot and rebellion:

> Towards a far off town of revolt and tolling bells,
> Where shines the naked blade of the guillotine,
> My heart goes out, in a sudden mad desire.
>
> The dull drums of many days
> Of silenced rage and of tempest,
> Beat the charge in the people's heads.
>
> Those to whom is left
> No other hope than is their despair
> Have descended out of their silence.
>
> It is the hour in which the mad,
> The beggars and the deracinated
> Uplift their pride in life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thus he imagined the uprising of the disinherited, the pariahs, the oppressed against their oppressors, of the slaves of labor against their masters. And now that the hour has come for his voice to utter a whole nation's despair, for his verse to beat the charge against the powers of despotism, death has silenced him and robbed his people of expression—

> Ceux qui ne peuvent plus avoir
> D'espoir que dans leur désespoir.

To utter that unspeakable woe requires a poet's impassioned voice. For a hundred times more horrible than the sad fate of workers exploited by a merciless sweating system is this wholesale enslavement of a brave and harmless nation, whose only crime was the defence of its integrity.

The Dutch feel personally concerned in this disgusting affair, as they let thousands of these men who are now deported to Germany return to their Belgian homes, trusting to the official promise of the German authorities in Brussels and Antwerp that "there would be no question of Belgians being deported to Germany or compelled to serve in the German army." The Dutch press has published, in facsimile, the "Bekanntmachung" of October 18, 1914, in which this promise is made by the municipal authorities of Antwerp, "mit Genehmigung der deutschen Militärbehörden." And on the previous day, the Burgomaster of Rotterdam informed the Belgian refugees that "the Netherlands Government and the German military authorities have come to a satisfactory agreement as to the return of Belgian refugees to their homesteads, whether in Antwerp or in any other part of Belgium. The Burgomaster invites all refugees to return to their country, whose interest will be served by a speedy resumption of the normal state of affairs." And on that same day, October 17, 1914, the Netherland Consul-General at Antwerp was authorized by the Imperial Governor of the city of Antwerp, Freiherr von Huene, to publish "the very assuring declaration that His Excellency will strictly conform to the Hague Convention," and "that the German authorities have no intention to carry any one to Germany who returns to his home." A week later *Het Handelsblad*, of Amsterdam, contained an article by Professor De Louter, one of our best authorities on international law, reminding the Dutch of the danger the Netherlands neutrality would run if they thwarted or balked the attempts of the German Government at urging the Belgian population to return to their homes.

Thus assured by German promises, and reminded of their duty as neutrals by their own jurisprudents, the Hollanders encouraged their Belgian guests to follow the official call. Their return was the prelude to the tragedy whose final act is now performed before the horror-stricken audience of the world. Its first act was the compulsion of factory labor for military purposes. On October 12, 1915, punishments were inflicted on those factories that refused to obey. Still later, the corporations were forbidden to give relief to the poor who did not work in the factories for the German army. And now those victims of Kultur, who, serfs though they were, had still the comfort left to them of living in their own homes, are driven in large herds to unknown destinies of slavedom. The poet who went to his mystic destiny from which there is no return left us the question and the prophecy which, in these lines of "La Révolte," sound like a terrible judgment upon the doers of this gigantic crime:

> Dites, quoi donc s'entend venir
> Sur les chemins de l'avenir
> De si tranquillement terrible?
>
> La haine du monde est dans l'air
> Et des poings pour saisir l'éclair
> Sont tendus vers les nuées.

A. J. Barnouw.

The Hague, December 10.

# The Liberal Leader

That a Coalition Government should collapse in the second year of its existence is not a matter for marvel. Coalition governments are born with the seeds of a fatal disease in their constitution. That the latest should have lived so long is an added tribute to the adroit management of its chief. The wonder is that in process of reconstruction it is he who is left out in the cold. Less than a month ago, Mr. Asquith appeared impregnable in the possession of power and office. Personal experience extending over nearly half a century testifies that none of his predecessors in the leadership of the House of Commons attained the full measure of his ascendency. Gladstone, Disraeli, Stafford Northcote, Harcourt, Campbell-Bannerman, and Arthur Balfour were in degree supported by the loyal action of their party. Mr. Asquith gradually won, and till near the end maintained the good will of the Opposition. He captured even the Irish Nationalist members who over a period of thirty years systematically obstructed public business and stubbornly fought the Government of the day under whatsoever colors it was mustered. For the last ten years, so far as the Irish Nationalists are concerned, peace has reigned at Westminster.

This abnormal state of things was due to inbred courtesy, tireless patience, and singular dexterity in getting out of tight places. During two years of the war, Mr. Asquith tightened his hold upon the admiration and esteem of the House, its feeling bordering upon personal affection, by a series of speeches which in point of moving eloquence will stand comparison with any in the long record of Parliament. When he first undertook the Premiership, his manner was marked by a certain reserve, mistaken at the time for constitutional frigidity. It was really shyness, gradually overcome as he more firmly felt his feet in the position to which he had been called. Disclosure of his real nature was made before a surprised audience when, in one passage of his speech lamenting the death of his friend and predecessor, Campbell-Bannerman, a faltering voice and tear-dimmed eyes threatened breakdown. His speeches on the war, whether delivered in Parliament or in the country—opening with the clarion note of declaration of war against Germany when, trampling on solemn treaties, her armies marched over the body of Belgium on their way to Paris—reached the highest range of eloquence modelled on the supreme types of simplicity and sincerity.

One charm of his Parliamentary speeches was their comparative brevity. Rarely did they exceed twenty minutes in delivery. When completed, it was felt no word or sentence that might have added to their cogency was omitted.

This habit of verbal condensation was brightly displayed at Question Time. It frequently happened that a score of questions on the paper were addressed to the Prime Minister chiefly by the class of member awake to the certainty

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his name appearing in the Parliamentary report, if it were linked with that of the leader of the House. The rapidity with which they were disposed of must have awakened mixed feelings in the breast of colleagues. Mr. Ginnell was the only habitual interrogator who complained of the insufficiency of the Premier's answers. Little more than monosyllabic, they covered the point raised, often with added touch of humor that mollified the acerbity of the question and amused the House.

Varying from ordinary procedure, Mr. Asquith's sudden unexpected defeat is not traceable to the agency of those who through many years were counted as his political antagonists. Unionist members of the Coalition Cabinet, patriotic in joining Liberal statesmen in the hour of national peril, have been unbrokenly loyal in their collaboration. Their hands are unsoiled by secret conspiracy to dislodge the Premier. They will lament his withdrawal from the Treasury Bench and the Council Chamber. The bitterest reflection in the mind of the fallen Minister will be that he has been wounded in the house of a friend. *Et tu, Brute!* The suggestion that Mr. Lloyd George was animated by consideration of personal advantage is equally unworthy and unfounded. His conduct is based solely upon consideration of efficiency in the public service. His views brought him in conflict with the opinions of his long-time friend and captain. The rest automatically followed. One aspect of the situation adds to the dramatic force of the most striking disruption of a Government recorded in English history.

The situation is fraught with danger to the welfare of the Liberal party. Theoretically there is no Opposition while the war is going forward. But party faction is deeply rooted. During the past two years and a quarter it has been only sleeping. So far as anything connected with carrying on the war to a finish is concerned, there will be no factious opposition from the front bench to the left of the Speaker, whither Mr. Asquith and the majority of his colleagues in the late Cabinet have returned. But it would be futile to deny the fact that in addition to a change of Ministry the House of Commons has within the last ten days undergone a marked change in spirit.

Eighteen months ago Mr. Asquith formed a Coalition on strict principles of proportional representation. Inevitably Liberals not only held the larger number of seats in the Cabinet, but the more important offices of the State. Including the Premiership, the Army, the Navy, and the Chancellorship of the Exchequer were committed to their charge. Mr. Lloyd George has gone to the extreme in the opposite direction. While the voting power of the so-called Unionists remains at the same figure, yet they hold the majority of the most important places in the new Government. In a Cabinet of five whose powers are absolute, one is a Labor member and three are not only Unionists, but belong to the ultra type. Who could have dreamed of the most extreme, what used in polite circles to be stigmatized as the most dangerous, Radical among British statesmen presiding over a Cabinet so constituted, from which he has arbitrarily excluded Mr. Arthur Balfour and Lord Lansdowne?

HENRY LUCY.

House of Commons, December 16.

# Eleutherios Venizelos

ARTABANUS: . . . He is the best man who feels fear while he plans an action, and considers that he might suffer any calamity, but who, when he comes to action, is resolute.

XERXES: . . . It is better for a man in full confidence to suffer half of the difficulties which may occur rather than fearing everything in advance not to suffer any difficulty at all. . . . How can a man know what is absolutely sure? Gain comes generally to those who are willing to act and not to those who hold back with fear and hesitation.

From the Seventh Book of Herodotus.

A CAREFUL student of the life and work of Eleutherios Venizelos will admit that the statesman of modern Greece combines in himself the qualities expressed in the conversation between Artabanus and Xerxes as reported by Herodotus. Never has Venizelos taken a bold step in his active and magnificent career without careful consideration of the difficulties and deep thought on the possible outcome of his undertaking. Before he acts, he is willing to fear everything. But when he once decides to enter upon an action, no opposition, however strong, can stop him from pressing forward to his goal. With feeling and even with enthusiasm, he persists on a course which he has preferred after a long struggle of thought laden with hesitation and skepticism.

He was only twenty-three years of age when he began his public life in Crete, in 1887. He had just graduated from the Law School of the University of Athens; and, although his talent could insure him a prosperous career in the Hellenic capital, where he had won many powerful friends, he preferred to go back to his restless island. In spite of the careful thought which he had given to this question, his decision was pronounced as eccentric by his Athenian friends. But Venizelos had an answer which spoke at once of youthful enthusiasm and of ripe thought: "In Crete," he said, "everything swims in blood; and there are some other cares besides successful careers."*

This early promise was to have its fulfilment in his utterance before the Greek *Boule*, on September 21, 1915, when he urged the nation to face danger with faith, disregarding the pessimistic inertia of the opposition: "We are facing," he said, "one of the most important periods of our national history. It is our duty to study the situation objectively and to draw therefrom the conclusions to which the supreme interests of the nation point. He does not ultimately avoid danger who flees from it. . . . We shall avoid the danger if we adopt a policy of lasting prestige, and if we look not at the things that may happen today or during the next few months, but at the things that shall happen in a time not very distant from the present in case, by renouncing our obligations to our allies and disregarding our most vital interests, we suffer our ally to be crushed, and Bulgaria, who proclaims herself as our rival, to be excessively strengthened. . . .

"The honorable councillor from Corfu accuses me for another fault, for my faith! . . . Well, gentlemen, it so happens that in affairs concerning the state greater actions are accomplished by believers than by pyrrhonists.

*Adolf Gelber, Auf Griechischer Erde, p. 70.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When, in September, 1912, the Government under me was facing the coming Balkan war in which Greece was invited to partake unconditionally . . . the faith which my colleagues, the King, and I felt, the faith in the vitality of the Greek people, the faith that entering the struggle with our small but well-organized forces we could not but derive relative profits from it, that faith led us at that time to plunge into a war which all great personages possessing military wisdom considered hopeless for the Balkan nations. . . .

"Of course, faith accompanied with the folding of the hand in inaction and indifference to whatever happens about us, such a faith cannot bring any fruit; but, if faith is joined with constant and relentless work for preparing the country to face the circumstances and to foresee the morrow without limiting itself to patching up the present day, then such a faith is a doer of great deeds, and an accomplisher of far-reaching and marvellous works for the world."*

From his own life, which has been a long and hard struggle for Crete and Greece, he derives his belief that success must be the prize of unceasing and determined effort. About a month later, on October 21, 1915, he endeavors again to rouse the spirits of those who looked dubiously on the nation's entering a new struggle: "The life of individuals as well as the life of nations is subject to one common law, the law of constant struggle. This struggle is even harder for nations than for individuals. After all, the struggle of individuals is regulated by the internal legislation of the State, by the Criminal law, by the police, and, in general, by the systematic organization of the body politic, which, so far as possible, protects the weak against the strong. . . . But in the struggle of nations where nothing more than the international law exists, the defencelessness of which has been manifested to you in the past, and, above all, during the European war, you must understand that it is impossible for small nations to develop and to grow into prestige and power without constant and relentless struggle. . . ."

In forethought and determination, Venizelos may be compared with any other great statesman. Both are necessary characteristics of recognized leaders. But few leaders combine with these gifts the highly emotional nature of this modern Epimenides. His feelings are kept subservient to will and mind; but his actions and thoughts, in moments of crisis, are, as it were, intensified by his emotional nature. Like the Platonic *θυμός*, it is an obedient but nevertheless powerful servant of his master Reason. After the Balkan wars, one of his former colleagues, who became later his enemy, attempted to deride him by publishing the accusation that Venizelos wept like a woman before the declaration of war against Bulgaria in 1913! The public, however, took this accusation as a proof of virtue, in showing that Venizelos realized more fully than any one else the great crisis through which Greece passed in those days. He might weep privately, but he appeared before the anxious nation with his proverbial smile, and in proclaiming the rights of his country to the assembly of the fathers in Athens and to the representatives of peace at Bucharest he won the respect and admiration of the world.

But that which raises Venizelos above the ordinary level of the enlightened and devoted patriot is the higher note which he has struck in political ethics. A Greek may praise him for lifting a demoralized state, for which the mighty of the earth had nothing but patronizing interest or hostile contempt such as is bestowed on unworthy heirs of the renowned dead, to a condition of imposing vigor, winning respect for its own merits and deserving of a greater future. But all men, irrespective of nationality, must admire him for advancing his country to greatness without trampling upon human laws and for introducing higher ethics in statesmanship, especially in an age when such ethics have come to be freely disregarded. If he took his stand on high moral ground in exhorting his countrymen to observe the spirit of their treaty with Servia, he was only bringing to the wider field of international relations the same standard of political honor which he had set early in his career in the domestic squabbles of Crete. The Liberal party in the island, of which he was one of the foremost leaders, had won the elections after a most bitter contest by the Conservatives, and the winners, confident now of their power, were planning to eliminate by high-handed methods even the small minority of seven or eight Deputies of the Opposition. Venizelos, however, stopped this proceeding. "A party," he said, "should not be founded solely on numerical strength, but it also needs moral principles, without which it cannot do useful work or inspire confidence."†

It is this faith in principle combined with unassuming sincerity that makes the strength of Venizelos's character. With such faith, he faced Turkish tyranny at Akrotiri in 1897 and defied the shells of the European warships sent by Europe as the loyal ally of Turkey. With the same faith again, in 1905, he raised at Therisso the standard of revolt against Europe's tyrannical opposition to the national dream of the Islanders. Fairness and truth were the basis of his legislative reform in Crete and Greece. Relying on such principles, he dared to oppose the voice of the Greek people in 1910, who called upon him to guide the fortunes of Greece, when they demanded "a constituent assembly" rather than a "revisionary," and to reinstate the Crown Prince in the command of the army against the misgivings of the majority of the officers and the opposition of the Military League, until he won the people and the army to his view. From the same source, he derived his courage when, on September 21, 1915, he urged the nation through its representatives to hasten to the side of Servia, the ally of Greece.

"I can assure the *Boule*," he declared, "that since the very first moment of the outbreak of the European war never has reference been made to this part of the external policy of the Government under me without our definite and unconditional declaration that we are determined to fulfil faithfully the terms of the treaty which has been confirmed by the signature of Greece, the signature of the King, the signature of the Government in charge.

"Indeed, I found myself compelled to observe that, if great and powerful states should in the light of circumstances find it convenient to disregard their obligations emanating from their treaties, the danger they incur in doing so is small. Their great might may take the place of moral power. But for a little state like Greece to re-

*This and the following quotation are translated from the Greek Parliamentary Records, as published by the daily paper *Patris*, Athens, 1915.

†Dr. C. Kerofilas, "Eleftherios Venizelos," translated by Beatrice Barstow, p. 7.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nounce her obligations to her allies would brand the nation with a dishonor of which Greece, judging from her whole history, would be unworthy, a dishonor which would render this state incapable of fulfilling its historical mission in the future."

Venizelos is no Cleon. The devices of a demagogue are utterly foreign to him. Take Jonesco, former Prime Minister of Rumania, refers, in his striking introduction to Dr. Kerofilas's book, to a conversation he had with Venizelos. Jonesco asked him the secret of his success, and Venizelos replied: "I have always told my fellow-countrymen the truth, and the whole truth, and I have always been quite prepared to lay down my power without regret." The last two years, with the people behind him, he could at any time have suppressed his opponents by violent measures, and have made the King's position impossible. His opponents have proved most unscrupulous in spreading all kinds of vile calumnies abroad and in endeavoring to stifle the roots of his power in the hearts of the people. They even went so far as to court the favor of the Mussulman and other foreign elements of Macedonia and Epirus by unheard-of concessions to the detriment of the suffering Greek refugees from Bulgarian Thrace and Turkish Asia Minor, who are devoted supporters of Venizelos. The Cretan statesman and his friends have been constantly reviled as red caps, rebels, traitors sold over to the Entente, English agents, etc. Any one in Venizelos's position might feel justified in retaliating by equal measures. Yet he used nothing but reason and fair argument. He repeatedly expressed his willingness to support his opponents if they only would rise to defend the nation's higher rights. More than once he checked his friends when inclined to be more violent against the King and his sycophants.

His patience may have allowed his enemies the freedom to spread their intrigues to a dangerous degree. But it was thus that he won the absolute confidence of the sounder element of the nation represented particularly by such leaders as Gen. Danglis and Admiral Koundouriotes. Only after losing all possible hope of reëstablishing the constitutional Government of Greece, and thus leading the nation to its destiny, has he taken the last and necessary step of disregarding the Athenian factions and their mock-government because they lead to ruin, and has decided to save what still may be saved by gathering about him all the healthy and enlightened elements of the Hellenic nation. His voice is still heard from Salonica throughout the Greek world and beyond the seas. He has still faith in the people and its rights; and since he is backed in his efforts by a rare insight, absolute determination, persisting optimism, and unshaken confidence in the justice of his cause, he is bound to succeed. ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES.

# Meteorites in Verse

*Images—Old and New.* By Richard Aldington. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 60 cents net.

*Some Imagist Poets:* 1916. The New Poetry Series. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

*Goblins and Pagodas.* By John Gould Fletcher. The New Poetry Series. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

*Others: An Anthology of the New Verse.* By Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

*Roads.* By Grace Fallow Norton. The New Poetry Series. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

*Turns and Movies.* By Conrad Aiken. The New Poetry Series. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

IN the prefaces to "Goblins and Pagodas" and the 1916 anthology, the creed of imagism has been briefly reaffirmed. Much is made in both monographs of the figure of a circle, and the strophe, of which this circle is the image and even the basis, is declared to be the unit of free verse. But what of the conspicuous line-division which fairly ribs and crenellates the pages of the imagists? Is its function merely ocular? Mr. Fletcher reasons curiously to prove that prose is square and poetry is circular; he goes on to say that "just as Giotto's circle was none the less a circle, although not drawn with compasses, so poetic circles can be constructed out of subtler and more musical curves than that which painstakingly follows the self-same progression of beats, and catches itself on the same point of rhyme for line after line." But the point of the story about Giotto is simply this—that Giotto drew without compasses precisely the same kind of figure which other men drew by their aid, and the true analogue to the Giottesque O would be the entirely regular stanza which a poet should construct without mechanical helps—that is, without counting his feet or verifying his rhymes.

Mr. Fletcher continues: "The key-pattern on the lip of a Greek vase may be beautiful, but it is less beautiful, less satisfying, and less conclusive a test of artistic ability than the composition of satyrs and of maenads struggling about the centre." Again the simile seems unlucky. I can see what the key-pattern stands for—the routine versifiers, the jogtrot Shakespeares and Tennysons and Shelleys, and I see that the free-verse men are figured in the satyrs and maenads, troops of whose lawless and insane propensities it would be clownish to remind Mr. Fletcher. But I cannot imagine to what he will compare the vase itself in his parable. Surely that unwavering, that inexorable, that elementary symmetry to which even the maenads and satyrs must defer would be best imaged in some regular metrical form, like blank verse or the Spenserian stanza, which finds space for a host of airy caprices and delightful variations within the curve of its inimitable law. The imagists misconstrue—let me not say their antagonists, but their friends to whom the old ways seem preferable, though not mandatory. We like to rob the orchard, the orchard of uniformity and regularity, as well as they. Only we crave the wall. To our wilding spirits—far more scapegrace and libertine than theirs—it would be pointless and lifeless to rob an orchard with the wall down. We had as lief buy our pears at a dime apiece in the open market.

The anthologists quote Paul Fort: "Prose and poetry are but one instrument, graduated." To this I willingly assent, but does it help the case for imagism? Boy and man are but one instrument, graduated; but why should this block a reasoner who attempted to show that the state

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which Shakespeare described as "standing water between boy and man" was less desirable than either? On page eleven, free verse is nothing new in English, and Milton, Dryden, Arnold, and Henley are its precursors and patrons. On the next page, the preface-writers have become experimentalists, who want to be judged by their own standards, not those which have governed other men at other times. The good fortune which thus combines the safety of precedent with the valor of novelty, which charges without leaving its intrenchments, is so exceptional that I am at a loss to justify the undernote of plaintiveness which qualifies the preface. Criticism has been unsympathetic. I admit the unfairness of criticism in so far as it makes their difference from tradition a vice, but is not this the obvious retort to a little unfairness on their own part in making that difference a virtue? Difference *qua* difference neither helps nor hurts. The aptest counsel for the imagists might be deduced from their own reference to Arnold's "Philomela," which they instance as a shining example of their prosody. Now, if "Philomela" is in free verse, then Arnold wrote a free-verse poem without any outcry, and the hoodwinked public enjoyed its beauty in blissful unconsciousness of its metrical revolt. The programme for the imagists seems clear. They have only to hush their polemic, and to write "Philomelas."

In the volumes now under review imagism has not touched that eminence. The aspects are mostly familiar. There is the roaming tentative, *prospecting* verse; there is the melancholy grace, the reverie shot with nightmares; there is the solemnized Maeterlinckian detachment, the half-mechanical insulation of the object as of a tree-bough seen from the bottom of a well; there is the wayward selection and the freakish emphasis which almost poise the cone upon its apex; there is the self-conning, the self-survey, recalling the Brahminic navel; there is the plethora of meaningfulness and the paucity of meaning. Mr. Fletcher, in his "Goblins and Pagodas," under titles like "Blue Symphony" or "Orange Symphony," paints in every note of the octave and sings in all the colors of the rainbow. I am not sure but the palm for delicacy and indelicacy alike goes to Mr. Richard Aldington, who has grace in his luckier moments, and who, in his backslidings, can compare the moon, that "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair," whom even the coarseness of the Elizabethans respected, to an awkward Venus, "with a rag of gauze about her loins," or a pregnant woman "walking cautiously over the slippery heavens."

The "Others" of Mr. Alfred Kreymborg is a book the purchase of which I should unhesitatingly recommend to every librarian who includes among his purposes the enlivenment or the enlightenment of posterity. I doubt if a more notable curiosity enriches the museum of literature. Good lines, good stanzas, good poems even, may be cited from this unexampled volume; there is verse that brightens dim names, Adelaide Crapsey, Mary Davies, Edward O'Brien, Hester Sainsbury, and there are names that brighten dim verses. But the literary merits, which are casual and intermittent, are quite without bearing on the documentary or historical value of the collection, which springs out of a catholicity of taste to which nothing human—I had almost said nothing vertebrate—is unrelated. "There are men," says George Eliot, "to whom you need only say 'I am a buffalo' in a certain tone of quiet confidence, and they will let you pass." That is precisely descriptive of many authors in this volume. They have said to Mr. Kreymborg "I am a buffalo" and he has let them pass; one—a woman not ungifted—has toes "that have turned sullen from never being amused"; one sees a wave rushing away "like a salesgirl when the gong sounds"; one knows of rivers that "run no fresher than a trickle of saliva"; "one eats apple-pie for breakfast in the New England of your sexuality"; one will "laugh a loud laugh that'll shunt your soul to hell" and will "spit on your face for an epitaph"; and one is searching for vowels that "open like salmon parasols against green embroidery."

In the old court-play, troops of grotesques or antics acted as foil and counterpoise to the brighter pageant. "Others" is the antimasque of the new poetry. To mulct the better men for these excesses would be ungenerous and unfair. Every cult is burlesqued in its extremists; how much more if, as almost happens in the present case, the cult be the cult of extremity? These poets have obeyed a solemn call to be themselves, and have been moved, I suspect, to discover or invent or even extemporize selves in response to the peremptory occasion. Sincerity, on almost any plane of intelligence, of ethics, even of decency, has its indefeasible significant, but here the very nudity is worn like a cloak. A book of this kind ought to have at worst the half-decorous interest which we feel in a crowd of people whom a fire alarm has driven into the midnight street in their night-gear, but in this case a certain coquetry in the pajamas awakens the suspicion that the alarm was preconcerted.

Miss Grace Norton's personality fills a large place in her universe. "There was the Monument," said Emerson, "and here was Webster." I have a sense that in Miss Norton's world the continents and populations are merely marginal. The poetess is always figured as doing some wild, mysterious, and ecstatic thing, but doing it as the priestess or goddess of a cult, as a Norn or Bacchante, in whom abandonment is a phase of ritual. She "reels," she is "drunken," with a frequency permissible to metaphor. More affecting than these ceremonial intoxications, in which the semblance and setting of feeling without the reality imparts the peculiar chill of a fireless stove, are a small group of poems like "Make No Vows," "Bitter-Sweet," and "I Kiss You Once," where Miss Norton "sings more safe with mortal voice." I have not space for the moving "If My Mother Knew," which I really want to quote, and must content myself with the leap and laugh of the breeze-like verses which follow:

> Hark to the wind of the world!
> The shafts of my life are far-hurled—
> I cannot belong to you!
> I belong to the cataract, leaping;
> I belong to the west wind, weeping;
> I belong to the white swan, sleeping;
> I belong to the wild curlew!

The "Turns and Movies" of Mr. Conrad Aiken sketches the fortunes and emotions of a succession of performers in a vaudeville theatre. One word will characterize the pictures—the word bloodshot. I have too much charity for my fellow-men even in the music-halls to fall in with Mr. Aiken's intimation that their chief occupations off the stage are adultery and murder. Amid much that is morbid without compensating force, there are scattered strokes which attain that vividness to which, in our feverish epoch, so much is sacrificed and so much forgiven. The metre is not "free"; officially, it is regular; but its many per-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versions and contortions make us wonder what has become of that decoying, winding, enlacing, and encircling rhythm with which Mr. Aiken could almost charm away even disapproval in the "Youth and Romance" of his "Earth Triumphant."

"Discordants" is chiefly rememberable for its high prelude:

> Music I heard with you was more than music,
> And bread I broke with you was more than bread;
> Now that I am without you all is desolate;
> All that was once so beautiful is dead.
> Your hands once touched this table and this silver,
> And I have seen your fingers hold this glass.
> These things do not remember you, beloved,—
> And yet your touch upon them will not pass.

"Evensong," in spite of superfluities and incongruities, encases a spell, but, as to "This Dance of Life," which continues "Earth Triumphant," I prefer the stigma of prudery to the recreancy of leaving unreproved a quality in this poem which I can only designate as plashiness. Without the realist's excuse or the moralist's justification, Mr. Aiken has abused a privilege which an enlightened age concedes even to realism and morality with a due measure of discretion and reserve. His lapses in taste are flaws in art. He imagines that because the neighborhood of certain ideas is mighty, their presence will be irresistible, whereas in these matters the expert knows that arrival is less potent than approach. The penultimate for life is the ultimatum for literature. O. W. FIRKINS.

# Correspondence

## JUSTICE TO LANSING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I must protest against your article in the issue of December 28, entitled "Secretary Lansing's Blunder," because I think you have no evidence, at least you have produced none, to show that the Secretary is responsible for the explanations with which you charge him. The explanations relate to a note which says on its face that it is Mr. Wilson's note and that the Secretary is merely taking Mr. Wilson's directions.

Under the present Administration's recent adoption of secret diplomacy, the people do not receive the facts, even the apparently unimportant ones, and under these circumstances the more probable assumption is that no Secretary would attempt to explain his principal's words without the knowledge of the principal, and in the second place, whether justly or not no one knows, the people of this country have come to believe that no member of the Cabinet acts otherwise than in entire harmony with the President. He is a weak lawyer who blames everything on his stenographer.

Furthermore, nothing is to be gained by concealing the real difficulty which is inherent in the President's note, which said to the Powers in substance, we are being drawn into this war, please tell us what it is about—the necessary assumption being that the United States wished to enter into the war intelligently and therefore needed information as to its causes. Surely this required an explanation of some kind, and the natural and normal explanation would be, at first, to stand by the message and reiterate the fact that we were on the brink of war, and then, the entire irrationality of the whole proceeding becoming clear, it was less humiliating to withdraw the explanation than to withdraw the original note.

Until the secrecy of our diplomatic intercourse is removed the above seems the most plausible explanation of a most pitiable incident. LYNDEN EVANS.

Chicago, December 30, 1916.

## THE SCOTCH-IRISH IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reviewer of Prof. H. J. Ford's "The Scotch-Irish in America" in your issue of December 7, asks whether the Scotch-Irish "have disappeared as a differentiated ethnic faction" [factor or fraction?] of our American population. They have, of course, not disappeared, because for two hundred years they have been, next to the "Yankees" or English Puritans of New England, the most numerous and influential racial element in the United States. Their existence as a separate body, however, in large homogeneous communities, hardly outlasted the eighteenth century, for they were soon widely spread over the Middle and South Atlantic States and formed by far the largest element of the early waves of migration west of the Alleghany Mountains, mixing readily with other stocks of British origin. It seems to me that your reviewer and Professor Ford himself lay too much stress on their separatist tendencies. Most of the original Scotch-Irish settlers came to this country with no feeling of ill-will against the home government, which had favored rather than oppressed them. They came because their adventurous spirits and practical sense impelled them to seek rich soil that could be obtained for nothing or next to nothing, and because they were alien in blood, religion, and politics from the Catholic and Celtic Irish. Though they did their share, and rather more than their share, in the Revolutionary struggle, they probably, like very many of their brothers in arms, realized only slowly that what had begun as a civil war must end as a war for independence. They were in no real sense Irish, but Scots, who had lived for one or more generations as unwelcome and hated intruders in the North of Ireland. In many Colonial and Revolutionary records and in not a few histories of the United States they are called Irish; but this is a misnomer. Of real Irish there were no great number in this country before 1840. If any one wishes to trace the record of the Ulster Scots in our country during the past century and a quarter, let him study the history of settlement, politics, education, and social life in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, and in the Western territories that were opened up and developed by natives of these States. Let him study especially the history of railroads and mining.

The race has abounded in strong personalities. It has been less clever than the New England strain and perhaps less steady, but bolder and more genial. Like the New Englanders, the Scotch-Irish gave up farming as soon as possible and took to business and professional life. They are now even more completely mingled with all our other national stocks than the New Englanders are. And yet, clear down the blue line of mountains, and on both sides, from the Hudson River to the Gulf, and in many a Western community, the original Scottish features remain, Scottish

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reserve, Scottish fervor, Scottish sentiment, Scottish practicality. I met last summer an old Scotch-Irish lady, in one of the lovely small valleys of southern Pennsylvania, who spoke with a distinctly Scotch accent, though she and her ancestors had lived in that spot since the middle of the eighteenth century. GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

Princeton University, December 8.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND FEES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 19 there was a contribution headed "Freudian Doctrines," from a New Hampshire correspondent, in which the following passage appeared: "It is well known that the Christian Science method of cure is totally inoperative in the case of the absence of the fee." In reply thereto, permit me to assure your readers that Christian Scientists frequently help and heal those unable to compensate them, thereby proving the fallacy of your correspondent's statement. Experience has proved, however, that patients having Christian Science treatment who endeavor to do something in return for the help they are receiving, are more quickly benefited than those who do not.

ROBERT S. ROSS.

New York, December 15.

## THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In looking over some invoices of books sent from London to Boston in the latter part of the seventeenth century, my attention was caught by the following note on one dated April, 1685: "There is not one New England Primer in London, if they will Take of Ten Grose and send over a book to print it by, they may be furnished. less than that Number will not Answer the Charge." The writer was Richard Chiswell, one of the leading booksellers in London, and his correspondent was John Usher, the leading bookseller in Boston. For Usher to seek in London a "New England Primer" in 1685, as if such a thing had been printed or was known in that market, was an unexpected incident, as the accepted origin and history of that little tract contradicts the possibility. My brother, Paul, showed that Benjamin Harris was the author, the time of its first publication was between 1687 and 1690, and the place of publication was Boston. Naturally, my curiosity was piqued by this mention of such an issue, made or to be made in London two years earlier.

My long search was rewarded by finding in the "Stationers' Registers" (Eyre & Rivington), III, 199, the following entry, under date October 5, 1683: Master John Gaine then entered a "booke or coppy entituled the New England Primer, or Milk for babes," paying the usual fee of vj *d* for the entry. Here is not only the exact title of the compilation ascribed to Harris, "The New England Primer," but also the additional title "Milk for Babes," one used by Crashaw, Hugh Peters, and John Cotton for London issues, but not incorporated into Harris's New England Primer until 1690, when Cotton's was selected, probably because of its New England origin and quality. Gaine anticipated Harris in main title by at least four years, and in sub-title by seventeen years. Printed in 1683, the book is not mentioned in the "Term Catalogues," but Usher probably saw it in some list and sent for copies. Two years after the issue the leading publisher and bookseller in London was unable to find so much as a single copy and did not recall the entry in Stationers' Hall. Here, then, the history of a New England Primer is set forward four years, and as no copy of Gaine's issue is known, we are left in doubt how far he anticipated Harris in the actual contents of a little book which, sold by the hundreds of thousands, is one of the rarest of the desired Americana.

Of John Gaine I can learn nothing beyond the fact that he was a member of the Stationers' Company and presumably a bookseller. Between 1679 and 1687 he entered only five titles, and the last also related to America, being Franck's "Phylosophical Treatise of the Originall and Production of things. Writ in America in a Time of Solitude," a very rare piece. His name does not occur in the "Term Catalogues." I should welcome information on Gaine and his publications. WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

Boston, December 23.

## MILTON DESPOILING A BISHOP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No prose sentence of Milton's is more famous than "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." The metaphor was apparently not commonplace in his day, and editors of "Areopagitica" as well as compilers of familiar quotations imply that it was wholly original. If I mistake not, it was suggested to Milton by a passage in an author with whom he had recently been in bitter controversy—Joseph Hall. In "Occasional Reflections" (No. 71), Bishop Hall blesses "these silent masters" that "have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers [books]; and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others." This would not be the only instance in which the great Puritan seized for his own use utterances of his prelatical enemies. Had Hall taunted him for purloining the metaphor, I fancy that Milton might have found what to his grim humor would be sufficient justification in Hosea's prophecy: "He shall spoil their images." ERNEST BERNBAUM.

University of Illinois, December 25.

## JOSIAH ROYCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading Mr. Bakewell's sympathetic appreciation of Josiah Royce in the *Nation* of November 16, I note the statement that Royce "was not, indeed, a successful teacher of undergraduates." This calls to mind the following lines written by an undergraduate for the *Harvard Lampoon* ten or a dozen years ago:

> When lost on metaphysics' dreary way
> And thoughts fallacious lead the mind astray,
> We onward move, set right by the kind voice
> And cheerful spirit of Josiah Royce.

H. C. DALE.

Laramie, Wyoming, November 18.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BOOKS

## War and the World's Hope

*The Free Man and the Soldier.* By Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.40 net.

*Towards an Enduring Peace:* A Symposium of Peace Proposals and Programs, 1914-1916. Compiled by Randolph S. Bourne. New York: American Association for International Conciliation.

*The War and the Soul.* By R. J. Campbell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

*War, Peace, and the Future.* By Ellen Key. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

*Questions of War and Peace.* By L. T. Hobhouse. London: Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

IF we might regard the trend of war books as prophetic, we should have reason to be of good courage concerning the return of peace, for the peace books are beginning to outnumber the war books, the problems discussed in recent volumes about the war being the larger philosophical questions of peace and how to make it permanent.

The first of the five books under review is by a philosopher; and one would have to go far to find a better refutation of the ancient and widespread belief that philosophers are extreme theorists who will not face the facts. It is, indeed, just the extreme theorists against whom Professor Perry levels his most deliberate attacks. In the essay on "The Fact of War and the Hope of Peace," he points out with admirable force the fallacies of both the extreme pacifist and the extreme militarist. The former has two pet beliefs, non-resistance and neutralism; the latter also has two, misanthropy and the necessity of war; all four of which are mercilessly analyzed and briefly but brilliantly refuted. The non-resistant receives no quarter at Professor Perry's hands: "to be non-resistant must mean that one regards nothing as unendurable—even the destruction of what one loves or admires or has sworn to serve and protect." "There is only one philosophy of non-resistance which can be justified, and that is other-worldliness. If no value attaches to the things of this world, then there is no motive for resistance; although in that case it is equally indifferent whether one resists or not, since the enemy's life is worth no more than one's own. The moment any human achievement of body, mind, or character is taken to be good, then war for its preservation is on principle justified." War, therefore, though thoroughly hateful, may be a sad necessity, and the man who looks the facts in the face must realize this. "To many minds it doubtless seems paradoxical to war for the sake of peace. It is precisely as paradoxical, no more and no less, as it is to labor for the sake of rest, or to make sacrifices in order that one may live more abundantly. Indeed, I am inclined to go so far as to say that the one cause for which one may properly make war is the cause of peace."

The sub-title of Professor Perry's book—"Essays on the Reconciliation of Liberty and Discipline"—indicates both its nature and its aim. It is made up of essays that have appeared in various periodicals, and its aim is to sketch, at least in outline, an answer to the two great questions of the times: "First, how shall one be secure and yet peaceful? Second, how shall we act in concert and yet remain free individuals?" The first two essays seek to reconcile preparedness and military discipline with individual freedom, while several of the subsequent papers take up the cognate problem of the reconciliation of nationalism and internationalism. In each essay Professor Perry iterates the hopelessness of any one-sided solution which shall save one set of values by sacrificing the other. The thesis of the entire book is really summed up in the first sentence of the preface: "The sort of truth that is in most danger of getting itself neglected is the whole truth."

Writing as a philosopher, Professor Perry naturally deals only with the more general problem, and makes no attempt at outlining a particular plan to be followed by the nations of the earth at the end of the war. The interest of the book compiled by Mr. Bourne—"Towards an Enduring Peace"—consists exactly in the fact that it does what Professor Perry did not attempt. The body of the work is composed of extracts from various writers on the economic and political principles of settlement, and a possible league of peace; while the appendix, which is the most valuable part of the book, contains a long list of peace proposals and resolutions passed by various conferences and conventions in America, Great Britain, Germany, France, Switzerland, and Holland, as well as by seven international congresses and associations. The interesting thing about these various peace proposals is their striking unanimity. In spirit they are almost one, as might indeed have been expected, but there is a surprising agreement in detail as well, a large number of them insisting upon at least the following points: no annexation except with the consent of the population annexed, popular control of international relations, development of international arbitration courts, limitation of armaments.

An interesting suggestion of what might be done at the close of the war to aid in the establishment of a permanent peace comes from the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Birmingham, and is developed at some length in one of the papers reprinted in his "The War and the Soul." The suggestion is that at the end of the present conflict the Pope, as the head of the largest Christian communion, should call a General Council of the Christian forces of the world, for the purpose of uniting Christendom in a strenuous effort to prevent a recurrence of war. Every form of Christianity should be represented in this Council—Catholic, Protestant, Greek, Russian, and the rest. Mr. Campbell recognizes the fact that such a meeting of the representatives of Christendom "would not be a General Council in the ordinary sense, because not directly concerned with questions of faith and morals—but it would be a wonderfully impressive gathering, all the same, and no doubt lead to even greater things—the ultimate reunion of Christendom, for instance. The Pope is the proper person to summon such an assembly, and there is a precedent for it in the Council of Trent, to which Protestant delegates were invited but refused to come." Such a plan, it must be confessed, seems a bit impracticable, and the General Council, if ever assembled, might well result, as is the custom with General Councils, in more anathemas than blessings. Yet many seemingly impracticable and even risky things may have to be tried if war is to be eradicated from the earth, and the suggestion is at least worth thinking upon. Not much else in Mr. Campbell's book is. Most of it is devoted to a rather lame defence of the Almighty for permitting the war. One can but admire Mr. Campbell's courage in insisting that if he were God he would have brought about this war so that the sins of the world might

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be followed by suffering; but not many readers will feel that he is quite the man to bring us the final solution of the problem of evil.

Ellen Key is not one of those who think this war an expression of the divine will. "It is the wicked will of man, not the will of God, that causes war, therefore the transformation of the will of man would cause war to cease." Few things stand more in the way of this transformation than the belief, assiduously cultivated by many of the self-styled orthodox, that God is on "our side." Equally obstructive and unchristian is the fatalistic view of the many otherworldly pious that war is an eternal institution, and "that nothing in the Lord's Prayer can be realized on earth, that we must postpone it—till eternity!" Despair is the greatest ground for despair, and hopefulness for hope. The fallacy of the fatalistic view is admirably illustrated in Ellen Key's paper on "The Case of Sweden and Norway," which she justly entitles "an international object-lesson." Yet so great is the power of an artificial nationalism that she is not sanguine of the victory of peace over war. Two forces, however, may be looked to for help in the struggle. One is "the experience of the effects of war on the people as a whole"; the other the growing determination of the women of all lands that war shall cease. Little is to be looked for, in her opinion, from treaties and alliances. "Alliances for the purpose of mutual help in war and the rivalry of nations to outdo one another in preparing for war are bound to breed war. It is such treaties that have kept Europe in that constant state of war-preparedness which has so impoverished our civilization both before and after the outbreak of this war."

Professor Hobhouse takes a view of the situation quite different from that of Ellen Key. In his opinion the alliances of the European Powers, far from being a probable source of future wars, are to be regarded as the most practicable means of ending war. Arbitration treaties are of but little value in his opinion, and the proposed League to Enforce Peace gives not much better promise. The only sort of political arrangement that seems to Professor Hobhouse really promising is some sort of political union; and the most likely means of building up such a union seems to be the continuation and development of the present alliance of England, France, Russia, Italy, and their smaller allies. If some of the more important neutral states could be induced, in the course of time, to join this alliance, and if the liberal and pacific elements within the allied nations could win and keep the upper hand, it might not be too much to hope that ultimately the liberal forces within Germany and Austria would compel those empires to join in the alliance. In that case we should have something like the beginning of a United States of the World.

This suggestion is developed in the third section of Professor Hobhouse's book. The first and second sections are dialogues, entitled "The Soul of Civilization" and "The Hope of the World," of which the latter is especially interesting, occupying, as it does, two-thirds of the volume. If it represents in any way the sort of talk one hears in Professor Hobhouse's community, it is an admirable refutation of the oft-repeated assertion that conversation is a lost art; and every intelligent reader, whether interested or not in the problems discussed, must feel it a privilege to be allowed to listen to this very thoughtful yet sprightly discussion by keen minds. The *dramatis personae* are an extreme pacifist, a discouraged democrat, a militarist, a *laisser faire* individualist, an optimistic and democratic sociologist, an advocate of blind religious faith, and a liberal Quaker. It is needless to say that this is a combination capable of producing some interesting results, and one will go far to find a better brief of discussion of the militarist state, the prospects of democracy, the "laws" of human society, and, in general, the "hope of the world."

## Common-Sense About Medicine

*A Layman's Handbook of Medicine, with Special Reference to Social Workers.* By Richard C. Cabot, M.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2 net.

THE physician who writes a popular treatise on medicine takes the chance of adverse criticism from both his professional brother and the lay reader. The former shouts at once, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing" and points a moral with tales of the tragedies traceable to books of the type known as "The Family Physician," frequently found in the libraries of our fathers. On the other hand, the lay reader may find the book too "practical" and therefore dull, or if, for the sake of holding the reader's attention, the newer views and the mysteries of medicine are emphasized, it is judged as interesting but not "practical." These difficulties Dr. Cabot has avoided by boiling down the essentials and introducing a modicum of the most interesting aspects of modern medicine. Moreover, the social worker, for whom, in the form of lectures, part of the material was originally prepared, has been kept in mind as representative of the general public. As a result, the volume is very satisfactory, not only as a practical survey of medicine, but also as a discussion of many of the fascinating problems of internal medicine. Statements are made concisely concerning known facts, and there is no attempt to set up theories or explanations on insufficient data. Fad and fancy in medicine are swept aside; for example, the chapter on Diet opens with the sentence, "Almost nothing is known about diet," and then follows the statement that the man who probably knows as much about diet as any one in the United States published a book of fifty-one pages which contains all the known wisdom on the subject—"Everything in it is true, and there is nothing in it that is not true." This style is typical of Dr. Cabot's treatment of his subject. Before the reader has turned many pages, he falls into accord with the point of view and finds that a technical subject may be treated for popular consumption in a way that combines simplicity with frankness, is devoid of padding and the reiteration of professional patter, and does not perpetuate lay misconception often based on no more substantial basis than old wives' tales. On finishing the book the reader feels about it as Cabot does about the book on diet: "Everything in it is true, and there is nothing in it that is not true."

The book opens with a condensation in forty-five pages of the essential facts of anatomy and physiology told in very simple language. All except four of the thirty-one illustrations elucidate this section. These are rough sketches, but they serve their purpose admirably. There follow chapters on the diseases of the various systems of the body, as the respiratory system, the heart and arteries, the gastro-intestinal tract, eye and ear, etc. Other chapters discuss the infectious diseases, diet and constipation, poisons, and industrial diseases. One chapter is devoted to emergencies,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home medicine, and personal hygiene, and another to miscellaneous ailments, trivial or severe.

The lay reader who believes in the efficacy of drugs and thinks that this or that disease may be abated or cured and exalts too highly the skill of the medical practitioner will receive many shocks. For example, in the discussion of pneumonia, after the statement that about 25 per cent. of all adult cases die, and that in alcoholics the mortality is 75 per cent., comes the flat statement: "The doctor is almost never to blame for the death in pneumonia, nor responsible for recovery in favorable cases." Again, in connection with apoplexy and epilepsy: "When a person has apoplexy, he is going to get well or die, according to the nature of the disease, and what we do or the physician does at the time of the attack makes no important difference . . . no one has as yet discovered anything to check or to cure apoplexy or epilepsy." Also the layman who dreads a cough as a sign of approaching mortal disease, and upbraids his physician if he is not dosed for it, will be surprised to learn that "a cough in itself is usually a good thing because it helps to take out of the lungs what ought to come out," and should be checked only when it causes sleeplessness or exhaustion.

Again, some popular conceptions concerning pain are rudely swept away—"A pain in the left side of the chest is usually not heart disease, just as a pain in the kidneys usually means sound kidneys." In the chapter on diet, the popular superstition about "indigestible foods," as, for example, the view that cherries and milk constitute a fatal mixture, is set aside with the conclusion: "I am quite sure there is no such thing as an indigestible mixture of two digestible things. An illness, if consequent to such eating, is not due to the food, but to something else. The trouble is usually with his heart, or his kidneys, or his brain, or his appendix." So, likewise, are dismissed many of the superstitions about the drinking of water with meals and the ill effects of iced water. Incidentally, Fletcherism is declared "a fad already defunct," and thus Gladstone passes from the pages of medicine. And kidney disease! What a blow to the medicine of the people is the following paragraph:

> Bright's disease does not result from getting cold, or from eating anything in particular, or from any of the causes that people are apt to assign. It cannot come from any strain of the back or from any blow or any local cause. So far as we know it comes only from the two classes of causes that I have spoken of—germs and poisons.

And again, "We know of no such disease as 'muscular rheumatism.' The laity knows it well, but the physicians do not recognize it." All of which indicates that in writing a book for laymen the author has kept the layman and his superstitions in mind.

On the other hand, there is no mincing of words in connection with diseases that can and should be prevented or wiped out. Thus, in speaking of hook-worm disease: "It is a disease which has no possible right to exist, for we can both prevent it and cure it. We can prevent it by persuading people to wear shoes and to use privies. We can cure it with a dose of thymol." And in connection with typhoid fever: "We know more about typhoid fever, how it is conveyed and how prevented, than almost any other disease, and it ought to be perfectly possible to wipe it out. The more civilized and carefully policed countries have wiped it out, and it is a pretty good index of the backwardness of any community if it has a high typhoid rate."

In the chapter on poisons are some very interesting observations on lead poisoning, coal-tar products, alcoholism, tobacco, and opium. As to the influence of tobacco, the statement is made:

> I have never seen any serious cardiac effects from tobacco in no matter what excess. I don't believe in such a thing as tobacco heart. I don't believe there are any demonstrably permanent ill effects parallel to the very well-known effects of alcohol. . . . I can't feel strongly that it does much harm except to people whose powers of resistance are weakened, as is the case with the alcoholic.

In regard to morphine, one is startled by the statement quoted from the writings of Dr. Alexander Lambert, that 80 per cent. of the people who have the morphine habit in this country have acquired it from the use of drugs prescribed by physicians. "If we ever hear of any one taking morphine for more than ten days, that person is in need of our help or some one else's help." But more startling is Dr. Cabot's statement that of the remaining 20 per cent. a considerable portion are doctors themselves. "The profession which figures most numerously in the list of those who get morphinism is the medical profession."

In a layman's handbook of medicine one might naturally expect some description at length of "home medicine." Dr. Cabot, however, disposes of this topic in a single paragraph of ten lines. One of the best signs of the times, he believes, is the disappearance of the home medicine closet. "I do not really know a single medicine that I think it is necessary to keep in stock in a house."

## Current Fiction

*Windy McPherson's Son.* By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Co.

THE hardest kind of novel to review is the kind that the reviewer most eagerly welcomes—the novel which introduces a new writer of originality and power. There is always more to be said about such a novel than can be included within the compass of a review; and the reviewer is puzzled to know what to leave out. Such a novel is "Windy McPherson's Son." Merely as a piece of story-telling, it is a remarkable achievement. It is a "large canvas" novel, dealing with the greater part of a man's life, and with several groups of characters, and presenting them with the sort of leisureliness and intimacy that we remember in "Joseph Vance" or "The Old Wives' Tale"; yet it is included within 338 ordinary pages. Except for one period (in Book III), Mr. Anderson never seems to be in a hurry; he has attained this effect of "infinite riches in a little room" partly by what amounts to a genius for selection. The book abounds in incidents, seemingly minor, yet chosen unerringly to bring out in sharp relief a trait of character or an advance in the plot. Partly this effect is due to the extraordinary imaginative intensity with which such incidents are brought before us; partly also to the exceptionally skilful use of summaries and transitions.

The theme of the story is a man's search for the permanent satisfactions of life. The title is significant; for the strongest influence in the hero's early surroundings, an influence which determines the direction of his development, is the character of his father. Windy McPherson is the village ne'er-do-weel, nicknamed for his pompous loquacity. He is a Civil War veteran who talks endlessly of his past glories, leaving his family to shift for them-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves. Sam, his son, early learns to despise him, and resolves to be everything which Windy is not. Shiftlessness and sham he learns to hate from his tenderest years; and he naturally puts money and business success first in his scale of values. Shrewd, enterprising, and quick to detect and take advantage of pretension in others, he gains success and the admiration of his fellow-townsmen. A word must be given to Sam's native village of Caxton, Ia., a typical Middle Western small town, such as Mr. Masters has so mercilessly anatomized in the "Spoon River Anthology." Caxton is as real as Spoon River, and its author portrays it without idealization; but, fortunately lacking Mr. Masters's keen scent and relish for evil, he has given us a truer and sounder picture. Book I deals with Sam's boyhood and youth in Caxton; in Book II we see him fighting his way to success beyond his dreams in the larger world of Chicago. This sort of thing has been done many times in fiction, but surely it has not often been done so well. Instead of relaxing, as one might expect, the author's grasp of reality seems to grow firmer. The hero's success leads him to a revaluation of life's goods. He falls in love with a wealthy and intensely modern young woman, whose ideal is one of "service to mankind through children." To bring into the world and rear strong, able children, she believes, is the highest duty and greatest satisfaction in life. Sam accepts this belief; but their married life is defeated by Sue's inability to have children. She becomes discontented and plunges into various philanthropies with which her husband cannot sympathize; he in turn devotes himself again to his money-making. After the inevitable break with her, the taste of his business triumphs becomes bitter in his mouth; he turns to drinking and dissipation, but his sturdy character rebels against it. At last he sets out on a sort of wandering pilgrimage, seeking truth and the happiness he has so far failed to find. Book III is the story of his search. As narrative it is inferior to the earlier parts of the story, through its lack of continuity; but in character and philosophic interest it surpasses them both. As to the hero's success in this last quest the reader must be left to judge; the author wisely leaves the question open.

A bald outline like this conveys no idea of the writer's power of phrase, his brief and penetrating comment, his rare gift of bringing before you a character in a single episode in such a way that character and episode remain sharply etched on the memory. For these things and others the reader must go to the book; it is one to own and re-read.

---

*The Tutor's Story.* An Unpublished Novel. By the late Charles Kingsley. Revised and Completed by His Daughter, Lucas Malet (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison). New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THAT this narrative gives nowhere the effect of imitation or restoration is a proof of the remarkable skill with which Mrs. Harrison has done her work. The history of the book is interesting. Kingsley's notes and manuscripts came into Mrs. Harrison's keeping in 1892, on the death of her mother, but were not thoroughly overhauled till some two years ago. Mrs. Harrison knew that her father had left two unfinished novels, but was altogether surprised to find the opening chapters of a third, with full notes for its completion, and scattered scenes and passages actually written. She surmises, from internal evidence, that the story must have been begun at about the same time as "The Water Babies," and dropped in favor of it. "The manuscript, in short, offers a puzzle of which a good many pieces either are lost or have never existed—since it was my father's habit to put down a scene, description, or dialogue just as it occurred to him, leaving all linking up and filling in to a final rewriting of his book." Mrs. Harrison has tried to do this rewriting as Kingsley would have done it—style and moral tone and emotional quality. She has been very successful in this, and in producing an effect of unity and natural completion. The author of "Sir Richard Calmady" here works with materials very different from her own, but has felt and reflected the charm of her father's period and her father's method. The "tutor" of the story would be disposed of as a prig and a rather absurd person, if he belonged to our own day. In his own time and setting he is by no means contemptible. His, to be sure, is the part of service and abnegation, of an almost voluptuous devotion to his young master—a devotion based partly upon the reverence of the social underling. But young Lord Hartover is himself an emotional person: the action is all upon a plane of unabashed sentiment, such as, for better or worse, has long been abandoned by English literary artists to the literary artisans and their vulgar constituencies of the cinema and the penny novelette. Against the action itself one may readily bring charges of strain and melodrama. There is a well-wrought plot, with its villain and its adventuress, its tangle of intrigue and of loves sacred and profane. In short, for those who like a story of the mode of half a century ago there is an excellent one between these covers, a real bit of salvage.

---

## The Caribbean

*Caribbean Interests of the United States.* By Chester Lloyd Jones. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

RARELY do interpreters of Latin-America give a better perspective of political, economic, and military conditions than Professor Jones has given in his review of the responsibilities of the United States in the Caribbean. Scattered in picturesque confusion along the route to our new waterway in Panama, the republics large and small of the Caribbean are more remote from our political and economic understanding than any other part of the western world. Yet the political history and future of the United States are concerned in no other part of the world more deeply and intensely than in the Caribbean; and the very existence of small nations is nowhere more completely dependent upon the attitude of a neighboring large state.

Professor Jones has endeavored, and with marked success, to bring under one cover an enlightening summary of trade relations, an excellent if brief history of political interdependency, and a frank and highly important survey of the changes in the world's military and naval policy which force the eyes of American statesmen to the South. He has so examined these complexities that they assume a refreshingly simple form in which each stands clearly distinguished. The difficulty of his task is itself ample apology for those minor defects in achievement which one must acknowledge.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One instinctively regrets, for example, that Professor Jones did not see fit to elaborate more fully the possibilities for development in the essentially backward states. Instead he has devoted more than an adequate share of his time to discussing the British, French, and Dutch islands and colonies. They have already seen their richest development. The present policy of Great Britain in concentrating her fleet in home waters has materially diminished the importance, at least during peace, of her West Indian colonies. France, Holland, and Denmark no longer find it profitable to sustain the perpetual deficits of their possessions. The future of the Caribbean is in the lands still untouched. Disgust with their political failures must not blind one to their potential wealth and importance. It is equally hard to understand why Professor Jones did not find it convenient to mention the Yucatan Peninsula, with its important sisal interests. These, however, are minor defects of proportion compared with the distinct service he renders in epitomizing the Caribbean problem for the inquiring American public.

One of the most timely chapters describes the revolution in naval policy which the introduction of oil as fuel has initiated. There is no room for competition between navies burning coal and oil. In the future, oil fuel will be as essential a part of a navy's equipment as large-calibre guns. And the Caribbean region is potentially one of the world's chief sources of oil. Hitherto it has not been important for European countries to challenge the Monroe Doctrine. At best, they have had to relinquish economic interests of only specialized importance. But the necessity of controlling the oil supply on this new and important trade route raises the ogre of military necessity. The real problem of the Caribbean threatens to shift from the adjustment of foreign debts and rival claims over asphalt lakes and banana plantations to the battle of the great Powers to maintain oiling stations for their protectors of trade.

Second only to our concern over the jealousies of European navies approaching too near to the Panama Canal comes the imperative moral obligation incurred by our extension of a politico-financial protectorate in many of the Caribbean republics. Notably in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, and Honduras we have by one process or another assumed obligations which touch Europe. We have undertaken more than merely to adjust the claims of our own investors in those countries. We have frequently persuaded European creditors to scale down their claims in return for the greater security offered by our protectorate. Is this consistent with our theoretical recognition of the equality of nations? Must we recognize, if we are to be frank and above suspicion, that the right to nationality is in many cases dependent upon the ability to perform the duties of nationality? It is easy enough to justify our intervention in the Caribbean by military necessity or political expediency. It is possible to justify them also on moral grounds or by a moderate revision of international law. Much of our international law dates from a period preceding international finance. A nation has more external obligations to-day than in the days of Grotius. Does this strengthen or weaken the claims to sovereignty? Professor Jones has presented very fairly the arguments for and against our seemingly established national policy. In doing this he has rendered a most useful service.

# O. Henry

*O. Henry Biography.* By C. Alphonso Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $2.50 net.

DUE partly to O. Henry's own reticence about his life, partly to "Who's Who," and partly to the introduction to "Rolling Stones," where the late Harry Peyton Steger purposely garbled his biographical sketch of William Sydney Porter, not one but many O. Henry myths have sprung up and have obtained almost universal currency. Porter's birth-year has been juggled to suit the convenience of each writer; remarkable statements have been made that for years he was a miner, a drug clerk, a cowboy; that he began his literary career in New Orleans; that three or four cities are contending for the honor of his birthplace. An authentic life of O. Henry, then, has literally been a long-felt want, and the increasing vogue of his works, both at home and abroad, has necessarily added to the demand for a biography that would settle all unsolved and disputed questions.

Now that an authoritative biography has appeared, it will unquestionably lay many ghosts. Even card-catalogue makers may be willing to believe that Porter was born in 1862 and British writers that he was born only in Greensboro, North Carolina. By lavish quotations from O. Henry's stories the fact, sometimes disputed, that he was fond of autobiographical material is indisputably established; the change in Porter's baptismal name from "Sidney" to "Sydney" is satisfactorily explained; and minor errors made by previous investigators are corrected. The early chapters tell all that one could wish to know about Porter's ancestors, the historical background, and his boyhood friends. A number of hitherto unpublished letters, especially those written from the Columbus penitentiary, much gossipy reminiscence, and a bit of happy criticism lend interest and value to the biography. But praise can hardly go further. To be sure, the casual reader will be pleased with this very agreeably written sketch; but he who wants all the facts about O. Henry's years in Texas and New York —the most important years of his life—judiciously and clearly stated will be disappointed.

One misses a complete account of Porter's Texas paper, the *Rolling Stone*, its connection (about which facts are sadly needed) with Brann's *Iconoclast*, and its relations, undeniably of the highest importance, with O. Henry's later work. In the *Rolling Stone* Porter first practiced the theories of story-writing that he had consciously formulated and that he never abandoned, and this paper, to say nothing of "Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking," "Georgia's Ruling," and one or two other early stories, shows clearly enough that Will Porter would have become O. Henry had he spent all of his life quietly in Austin. The fact that O. Henry resurrected none of the *Rolling Stone* stories for inclusion in his collected works is beside the point. Rather should one wonder at the inclusion of such stories as "Suite Rooms and Their Romance," "October and June," and "Girl," all of the *Rolling Stone* order, which have nothing to recommend them but anecdotal swiftness, audacity, and surprise. The Columbus experience undoubtedly broadened and deepened O. Henry's outlook on humanity, but before he left Austin his mannerisms were firmly fixed, his technique completely developed. Neither, in later days, im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proved or deteriorated; and "Whistling Dick" and the story now known as "An Afternoon Miracle" are as excellent as anything O. Henry wrote in New York.

The greatest sins of the biography are sins of omission. One would like to know, for example, just when and for how long Porter gave his services (gratis, the book seems to imply) to an Austin drug store; to have more details about his activities in the Texas Land Office, and of his life apart from the Austin bank during 1891-94; to be informed whether, as is often asserted, he was in some way connected with the San Antonio *Express;* whether in New York he wrote a libretto for a musical comedy; whether he actually said that "The Emancipation of Billy" was rejected "thirteen times before it landed"—and where did it "land"? Perhaps a complete bibliography could not be expected, but at least a list of the uncollected short stories was desirable, and O. Henry's so-called poems deserve a casual mention. There are no doubt even some readers who would wish to know where O. Henry was buried.

Chief interest, of course, is attached to the treatment of Porter's trial and conviction; and it is disappointing to find the work done inadequately and inaccurately. If the public has at the present time a right to know anything about this misfortune, a secret long jealously guarded, is it not justified in expecting an exact, complete, and impartial history of the entire matter? It is hard to understand why nothing is said of the four original indictments filed against Porter on February 10, 1896; why nothing is told of the conduct of his case and of his return to Austin before his flight to Honduras; why it was not discovered from the court records that he returned from Honduras to Austin at least by February 1, 1897 (instead of February 5); why nothing is told of the dismissal or consolidation of the old indictments and of the new indictments filed on February 15, 1898; why the biographer's plea for Porter's innocence, since it is intruded, is not backed by statements from attorneys, jurymen, and witnesses concerned instead of only by hearsay; and, more important than all, why nothing whatever is told of the appeal made to the United States Circuit Court at New Orleans, although the appeal is referred to in one of the letters published in the biography.

Dr. Smith makes no formal attempt at determining O. Henry's rank in American literature, but in an interesting chapter compares him with four other American masters and decides that Irving legendized, Poe standardized, Hawthorne allegorized, Harte localized, and O. Henry humanized the short story. Using the term in its broadest and truest sense, O. Henry was the first American short-story writer; taken collectively, his stories portray a whole society; no one else has so skilfully portrayed characteristic American types. If a categorical statement must be made, perhaps it would be safe to say that O. Henry Americanized the short story; and certainly he is nowhere more truly American than in his boisterousness, his occasional vulgarity, and his slang. If only temporarily, his influence seems to be exerted chiefly through his mannerisms. His discursive beginnings, smart philosophizing, pseudo-moralizing, timely allusions, his peculiar brand of humor, his daring contortions of the language have been so slavishly and lifelessly imitated as to give the impression of O. Henry with O. Henry (who made these things tolerable, often enjoyable) omitted. And the strain of trying to be as original as he, of living up to his inventiveness, has been suggested as partly responsible for the artificiality of much contemporary magazine fiction. Yet it is hardly conceivable that writers will cease to study and imitate O. Henry's technical methods, just as it is inconceivable that any of the legion of books on the short story that purpose to show the hopeful and immature the way to fame should now neglect him; and if O. Henry does have any lasting influence on American literature, it will probably be on the side of technique.

Because of its revelation of the shadowed years, the biography is certain to make O. Henry's work more widely read and appreciated. Before Porter left Columbus he had published a dozen stories, all brimful of the joy of living, all marked by unerring insight and deep human sympathy, all rampant with real O. Henryesque humor. The resolution with which this man put the past behind him, the supreme courage with which he set to work to build from the ruins of his life something fine and beautiful, cannot but help his fame; and read in the light of his prison experience his work takes on a new significance.

# Notes

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS announce for immediate publication in pamphlet form the articles of "Cosmos," entitled "A Basis for Durable Peace." The same house will publish shortly the final volume of the Original Narratives of Early American History series under the title "Early Narratives of the Northwest," edited by Louise Phelps Kellogg, and a translation by John Garrett Underhill of four plays by the Spanish dramatist, Jacinto Benavente: "The Husband of His Widow," "La Malquerida," "The Evil Doers of Good," and "The Bonds of Interest."

J. B. Lippincott Company announces for publication this month "The Mark of Cain," by Carolyn Wells; "Oh, Mary, Be Careful," by George Weston; a volume on "Rings," by George Frederick Kunz; "Home Labor-Saving Devices and How to Make Them," by Rhea C. Scott, and "Standard Methods of Testing Juvenile Mentality," by John Herbert Melville.

E. P. Dutton & Company announce the publication of the following: "Philosophy and War," by Emile Boutroux; "Manual of Russian Commercial Correspondence," by Mark Sieff; "Songs of Ukraina with Ruthenian Poems," translated by Florence Randall Livesay; "Theophanies," by Evelyn Underhill; "The Judgment of the Orient," by K'ung Yuan Ku'Suh; "German Policy Before the War," by G. W. Prothero.

PUTNAM'S list of forthcoming publications for the spring season is as follows: "The Stars in Their Courses," by Hilda M. Sharp; "All-of-a-Sudden Carmen," by Gustav Kobbé; "The Beetle" (new edition), by Richard Marsh; "The Rubbish Heap," by "Rita"; "Where There's a Will," by Leslie Moore; "The Public Defender," by Mayer C. Goldman; "Hygiene in Mexico," by Alberto J. Pani; "Justice to All—The Story of the Pennsylvania State Police," by Katherine Mayo; "Going Abroad Overland—Studies of Places and People in the Far West," by David M. Steele; "Studies in Democracy," by Julia H. Gulliver; "The Spiritual Ascent of Man," by Tudor Jones; "Christian Science and the Ordinary Man," by Walter Stewart Harris: "The Adventure of Death," by Robert William McKenna.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISAPPOINTMENT, if not disgust, awaits the reader of "Benighted Mexico" (Lane; $1.50), by Randolph Wellford Smith. The publisher's foreword arouses one's suspicion and one is not reassured by the author's disclaimer of special propaganda. Mr. Smith's brief but perfervid review of the early history of Mexico is thoroughly inaccurate. His more extended treatment of recent happenings is marked by an insistent parading of pet aversions. One of these is the recent Congress on Christian Work in Latin Countries. He writes, it seems, from a High Church standpoint, and emphasizes his points by vicious flings at recent American immigrants. The Japanese becomes to him more than a bogey, the German is a creature of darkest border intrigue. Villa and the Zapata brothers are rated as hardly as they deserve. But it is Carranza that arouses our author's most vituperative passages, and the Administration that recognized him receives equally scathing denunciation. In contrast Huerta is assumed to be a beneficent character, gifted with the idealized virtues of the primitive Mexican Indian and guiltless of Madero's blood. The Iturbide of a century ago and he of the present day are unappreciated prophets of a new social and political order. Mr. Smith worships the name of Diaz, now a discredited talisman, and unhesitatingly uses it to indicate a relationship, albeit greatly attenuated, between Bernal, the doughty chronicler of the Conquest, and the erstwhile powerful despot and his flighty nephew. He calls our attention to a forgotten figure, Mendoza, the first Spanish viceroy, by placing him in forced juxtaposition to our own Washington. He uses with equal freedom and inaccuracy American personalities and practices, or what he assumes to be such, to sustain his bizarre comparisons and faulty inferences. His panacea for the problems of African slavery is an instance, and one that will not arouse confidence in his suggestions about peonage and land problems. It is a pity that he attempts to recite the outrages recently visited upon the Catholic orders in Mexico. The tale is grewsome enough in all truth, but as usual our author does not tell the whole story. We may sympathize with innocent sufferers, without unreservedly defending the system of which they were at once the devotees and the victims. In effect his most lurid chapters serve oft to arouse the queries: Where did he get his information? and why did he publish it in this form? If to serve political ends in this country, he has obviously failed; and as for our neighbor, she is more "benighted" than ever.

MR. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS has accompanied many whaling trips in search of specimens for the American Museum of Natural History, and in the course of these expeditions he has gathered a great deal of interesting data. His volume "Whale Hunting with Gun and Camera" (Appleton; $2.50 net) is in the shape of an informal running narrative of his experiences. His accounts of whaling vessels and captains, both Japanese and American, and of pursuits in storm and calm, are presented in straightforward, accurate language. The matter relating to the whales themselves is scattered throughout the chapters, and is somewhat obscured by the more vivid presentation of the personalities of the whalers. Nevertheless, little by little one begins to realize the individuality of these *mammoth* lives. From thinking of them at first as mere mountainous masses of blubber we come ultimately to accredit them with the emotions, the instincts, the fears, and affections which inspire all more familiar warm-blooded creatures. The playful disposition of whales, Mr. Andrews tells us, is manifested in many ways.

> Very frequently when a ship is hunting a single humpback the animal will play tag with the vessel. It will come up first on one side and then on the other; "double" under water and rise almost at the stern; thrust its head into the air or plunge along the surface with half the body exposed, but always just out of range of the harpoon-gun. Sometimes this will last for two or three hours or until the whale is killed; at others the animal will seem to tire of the game and with a farewell flirt of its tail dive and swim away.
>
> In the mating season they are noted for their amorous antics. At such times their caresses are of the most amusing and novel character, and these performances have doubtless given rise to the fabulous tales of the swordfish and thrasher attacking whales. When lying by the side of each other, the Magapteras frequently administer alternate blows with their long fins, which love-pats may, on a still day, be heard at a distance of miles.

One whale followed and rubbed fins if not elbows with the vessel for four and twenty days, in spite of a fusillade of bottles, boxes, and bullets. We are vouchsafed interesting bits of unexpected information, such as that whales are subject to strange diseases, sometimes sloughing off large areas of flesh. The worst if indeed not the only real enemy which threatens whales is a member of their own class—the killer whale. These attack by forcing open the mouths of the larger whales and tearing out the tongue. To avoid this the terror-stricken cetacean lies prone upon its back upon the surface of the water, thus keeping the mouth out of reach. Unlike the whalebone whales the ferocious "killers" feed upon any living creature, and from the stomach of a single twenty-foot individual thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals have been taken. The splendid isolation which whales enjoy among living creatures in point of size is made more vivid when we realize that the whale calf is at birth from twelve to seventeen feet in length. Mr. Andrews's photographs are numerous and excellent, and occasionally a word-picture stands out with unusual charm. Such is the description of the typical Korean:

> He wears a long white coat with flaring skirts, enormous baggy trousers gathered at the ankle with a green or purple band, and atop his head is perched a ridiculous little hat made of horsehair with a sugar-loaf crown and a straight brim. The hat must be tied under his chin to keep it in place, but at times it slips over one ear and gives its wearer a singular resemblance to "Happy Hooligan." His hair is gathered in a knot on the top of his head, and the few straggling wisps of moustache or beard which he manages to grow are as carefully tended as a rare flower. He is never seen without his long-stemmed pipe, and a tobacco pouch always dangles at his belt.

THE subject of neutrality, which Mr. Daniel Chauncey Brewer treats in "Rights and Duties of Neutrals" (Putnam; $1.25), is of such immediate interest that one must the more regret that his book fails to supply us with an adequate treatise. Take, for instance, Chapter XXI, picked out at random, entitled Unneutral Service. In the ten pages devoted to this subject, there is not one word about unneutral service, though, to a certain extent, the various neutral obligations are enumerated and discussed. It is hard to reach any other conclusion than that the author's knowledge of his subject is very superficial. This surmise is borne out by further examination of the book. He refers, for example, to the somewhat untrustworthy Oppenheim as his principal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authority, while he passes over in silence Professor Oppenheim's master and predecessor, the great John Westlake, whose undying words will echo throughout the world long after the names of many of the authorities Mr. Brewer cites are forgotten. Again, in the discussion of contraband, no reference is made to reprisals, which are the very heart of the matter. Yet, in spite of many defects, of which these few serve as an illustration, the author has a good sense of proportion, and presents some of the more difficult questions in a readable form. It is hard to criticise severely a book which commences with so sound a statement as: "The positive law of nations in regard to rights and duties of neutrals must control until a revision is made" (p. vi). The concluding words are equally well chosen:

> . . . . the last duty and right—*devoir et droit*—of neutrals lies in an unflinching resistance to every belligerent aggression, and in a *Preparedness* that will make such resistance effective.
>
> During the present war the United States has perhaps properly confined itself to representations and protestations. These are well enough in their place, but international law will never assume the position which belongs to it, nor non-belligerent nations secure their rights, until neutrals are themselves prepared single-handed or in company to join battle in vindication of principles to which they are committed.

DELIBERATE and systematic disparagement of the moral character of the enemy has unfortunately become a habit among all the belligerents. Paul Gaultier's "La Mentalité allemande et la guerre" (Paris: Félix Alcan; 1.25 fr.) is hardly superior in temper to most diatribes of the sort. The author starts with the assumption that the German is by nature a coarse-grained creature in whom the brute slumbers lightly. He quotes liberally from a pre-war book, Wyzewa's "L'Art et les mœurs chez les Allemands," to show that the obtuse senses of the Germans are responsible for their lack of fineness, of discriminating taste, and of sympathetic insight into the moods of others. The well-authenticated instances of German atrocities in Belgium and France must be due, M. Gaultier asserts, to a fundamental ferocity in the German nature. He observes pertinently on this point that the brutal discipline in the German army and the prevalence of unnatural vice among the people were contributory causes of those outrages by which the German military organization disgraced itself during the first few weeks of the war. That much of M. Gaultier's pamphlet may fairly be accepted. As regards the rest, it will be well for the reader to suspend judgment until the subsidence of war-passions.

ON the other hand, Prof. Emile Boutroux's lecture on "L'Idée de Liberté en France et en Allemagne," now printed in the "Editions de Foi et Vie" (Paris; 50c.), is wholly admirable in tone. It is only at the end that the distinguished author abandons objectivity and allows his sympathies to be disclosed. As he sees it, the French idea of liberty, which is based on Græco-Roman and Christian traditions, aims at the autonomy of the individual, whereas the German conception of liberty implies the complete union of the individual with the whole. The German, therefore, according to his own doctrine, is free in proportion as he is really German and makes Germany the end and principle of his thoughts, desires, and deeds. How this doctrine has been translated into action is the theme of the concluding pages.


THE NATION

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published and owned by the
NEW YORK EVENING POST COMPANY

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, President. JOHN PALMER GAVIT, Sec. and Treas.

EMIL M. SCHOLZ, Publisher.

Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Four dollars per annum, postpaid, in United States and Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $5.00.

Address, THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, Box 794, New York, Publication Office.

LONDON OFFICE: 16 Regent Street, S. W.
WASHINGTON OFFICE: Home Life Building
CHICAGO OFFICE: 332 South Michigan Avenue
BUENOS AIRES OFFICE: Lavalle 341

HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER, EDITOR.

STANLEY WENT, ASSISTANT EDITOR, PAUL ELMER MORE, ADVISORY EDITOR,

WILLIAM G. PRESTON, ADVERTISING MANAGER, R. B. McCLEAN, CIRCULATION MANAGER.


# Notes from the Capital

HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE REV. DR HENRY VAN DYKE, who recently resigned his office as Minister to Holland, will never figure in history as a great diplomatist, for much the same reason that he will never figure as a great ecclesiastical leader: he likes too well to obey his human impulses, regardless of artificial restraints. Though technically a neutral of the neutrals while representing his Government at a foreign court, barely had he got beyond gunshot of The Hague before he burst into song in glorification of France, and with a fervor which showed where his heart had really been through the two years and more when the code of international etiquette imposed upon him an irksome silence. The episode recalls his experience long ago in the church, where, as a good Presbyterian by descent and education, he had adopted for a life calling the instruction of other men in the faith of his fathers. In those days the Church had almost as much respect for an avowed infidel as for a member who questioned the literal inerrancy of the Bible, and its moral ban was laid upon all such levities as dancing and theatregoing. Van Dyke, who believed that one need not be any the worse religionist for being also a man of the world in the broader sense, did not leave the fold in order to exercise freedom of conscience for himself and demand it for others, but undertook to procure the desired reforms from the inside.

His liberal tendencies had begun to manifest themselves

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while he was a student in Princeton College in the early seventies and took part in the undergraduate gayeties which he has commemorated in his "Triangle Song," still roared forth with gusto by old Princetonians to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia"; a single stanza will suffice to indicate what he was up to as a lad:

Well the old Triangle knew the music of our tread,
How the peaceful Seminole would tremble in his bed!
How the gates were left unhinged, the lamps without a head,
While we were marching through Princeton!

In the theological seminary he appears to have retained his fondness for unhinging gates, as witness his little tilt with Dr. Charles Hodge, the eminent polemist, over the perfection of the canonical Scriptures. Hodge illustrated his own attitude by inquiring whether, if we came upon a huge marble palace, in an obscure corner of which we were able to discover a red brick set in among the marble blocks. we should be justified in denying that the structure was a marble palace.

"By no means," answered young Van Dyke. "But we should say that it was a marble palace with a red brick in it; and that is the sort of claim we make for the Bible."

In later years, when the question of creed revision was uppermost, he took his stand for a short and comprehensive confession of faith rather than one that was longer but more narrowly technical. In the Briggs heresy controversy, his constant plea was for charity of judgment, and a basis of action which should keep in good standing the honest and earnest progressive as well as the assuredly orthodox conservative; and in the discussions over internal discipline which used to rack the church from time to time, he was always in favor of allowing the largest practicable latitude in the matter of diversions not essentially unwholesome. Doubtless it was the same spirit of revolt against needless restrictions which led him away from all permanent pastoral associations, and into other fields of teaching, where he could be more his own master. Even a college professorship he seemed to find somewhat oppressive, and declined one at Johns Hopkins and resigned one at Princeton in order to devote his best efforts to literary work. In this field he felt truly free, roaming from themes religious to those of travel and sportsmanship and fiction and general criticism, for he was a devoted fisherman and a great reader; and now and then he would expand his scope of work by preaching as a volunteer to a parish that needed him, but just "for love of it," as he once expressed his idea, and not for pay. And of his dislike of mixing piety with pocket-money the story is told of a request which came to him from an editor for a prayer suited to some special occasion, to be published in a popular magazine. Van Dyke furnished the prayer, but promptly sent back the check received in payment for it, and the editor, not to be outdone in unworldliness, gave the sum to a children's charity.

It was at Princeton that he was brought into rather close contact with Woodrow Wilson, a fellow-professor, and his appointment to The Hague was an outgrowth of the relations there established. On just what ground the President selected diplomacy as the line of activity in which to employ a genius of Van Dyke's stamp it is hard to guess, except on the general principle that led earlier Presidents to fill a few foreign posts with men of letters who could make a profitable use afterwards of their experiences and observations abroad. Happily, Van Dyke, like his colleague in Italy, Thomas Nelson Page, is socially gifted, and under certain conditions a diplomatist's personal popularity in the country to which he is accredited counts for a good deal. Few tasks can be conceived, however, less congenial to a man of Van Dyke's temperament and tastes than the care of American interests at the capital of a nation assumed to be as neutral as our own, during a war which, horrible as some of its features may be, must continually spur a poet's soul to express itself in forms prohibited. It will be possible now, let us hope, to get some more intimate glimpses of the war, from an inside point of view, than have been forthcoming thus far, since release from official bondage has set free the hand of him whom a literary friend once described as a poet - critic - essayist - novelist - educator - lecturer - fisherman-pulpiteer.

TATTLER.

# Our Ex-Presidents of Universities

WE have in America a leisure class which plays polo and exhibits for the photographers of the Sunday supplement the latest creations of sartorial art. We are all proud of this class—so idle, so well dressed, so purely ornamental, so expressive of our national ability to support the beautiful superfluities of a high civilization. We are beginning, however, to disturb the fine serenity of our leisure class by thrusting into it an alien element unaccustomed to polo ponies, and ill-adapted to be the glass of fashion and the mould of form for a democracy that aspires to a soul in clothes and motor cars. We refer to the captains of industry, the corporation lawyers, and, for the moment, especially to the university presidents, who, under the new dispensation, are withdrawing from, or being retired from, "active life" before the exhaustion of their powers. What shall we do with them?

University presidents differ among themselves in goodness, greatness, and glory; yet it will be admitted by those who have not transferred to the office of president the odium entertained by eighteenth-century radicals for the office of king that most university presidents have certain fine things in common. They have a varied and difficult administrative experience, large and influential acquaintance with men, progressive tendencies, moderately high but rather practical ideals—and suppressed ambitions. It may be assumed that they have suppressed ambitions because, while their office tends to develop the tastes and talents of a statesman it tends also to restrict their activities to the sphere of a local politician. In recorded instances they have, to be sure, escaped from local into national politics; but in general they must look upon resignation as a step towards ignominious subsidence into dressing-gown and slippers.

Dr. Tucker's book * set out to be an essay towards the solution of the problem: How to endure being a retired president. When he relinquished active charge of Dartmouth he fell to considering whether the effect of society's creation by retirement of a quite elderly leisure class would intensify or remove "the reproach of old age." He answered the question in the new and inspiring spirit of resistance to superannuation, which makes so many men above seventy the admired companions of men in the twenties. He swiftly

**The New Reservation of Time.* By William Jewett Tucker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concluded that so far as his own case was concerned membership in the leisure class was not a discharge from responsibility for time, but an admission to larger and freer opportunities to use it. His retirement permitted him at last to consider a college presidency as an avocation, and to follow what is perhaps the highest calling of a man of leisure—to think and write disinterestedly for the Republic and the cause of mankind.

It is an interesting fact that Dr. Tucker's thinking and writing gain in vitality as he drops the theme of his main life work. He treats of undergraduate scholarship as if there were still much to be said on the subject, but also as if he were rather weary of saying it. He strikes into unacademic social and political questions with an observable zest, as if it were a genuine relief to turn his back upon the regulation of school-boys and the infinite palaver of faculties. He puts more vim into a footnote on the recently threatened railway strike, in his essay on "The Goal of Equality," than went into the entire chapter on the undergraduates: "The strike is a legitimate economic weapon: as a political threat it is utterly illegitimate. Carried over into politics, a strike becomes a revolution. Revolutionary methods have no justification except in the vindication of human rights. They have no place in the settlement of economic values. Should they be adopted by organized labor they would make organized labor a political outlaw." He enlivens his long hopeful essay on "The Progress of Social Consciousness" by a critical consideration of the Progressive Movement of 1912 and a very firm explanation of the differences between the character and leadership of Abraham Lincoln and the character and leadership of Theodore Roosevelt. In "The Ethical Challenge of the War," "The Crux of the Peace Problem," and "The Control of Modern Civilization," he interprets impressively the moral issues of the great conflict, tells us what is the matter with the peace movement, and discusses suggestively the way of international salvation for which the nations cry aloud—the way of self-sacrifice and self-control which few of the crying nations are as yet ready to take.

Dr. Tucker is not the only retired university president who has in recent years been thinking and writing disinterestedly for the Republic and the cause of mankind; but he is perhaps the first to recognize his work as the fruit of a new and possibly important elderly leisure class. The precious aspects of membership in this class are various. Its members need not speak nor write except when moved by an inner call: they may therefore be expected to purge their utterances of the humdrum official platitudes of the bad days of their presidencies. They are scholars as well as administrators: they may therefore be expected to rise above the violence of an uncritical partisanship. They are too old or too weary or too proud to enter into competition for such political honors as might be considered an augmentation of their sober academic glories; they may therefore be expected to speak weightily and to be heard gravely, as sage and unselfish counsellors of the national conscience. The class which we have been describing is really of quite distinguished morality and intelligence—it would be a hard class for a vulgar *parvenu* to enter; but it is a small class, and it ought to be enlarged by the accession of a few more men who have supped fairly full of honors—say the ex-Presidents of the United States.

# Makers of Dance Music

WHEN musicians to-day speak of Strauss, they usually mean Richard Strauss, the sensational success of whose tone-poems and operas has made him the most conspicuous composer of our generation. Three-quarters of a century ago the Strauss best known in musical and in social circles was Johann, the first Waltz King, who intoxicated not only Vienna, but all the other European capitals, with his entrancing rhythms and melodies. As the charm of his music depended largely on its performance with the true Viennese swing and elasticity of pace, he inaugurated the custom of taking his own orchestra along on his tours. His fame and popularity may be gauged by the fact that, after his farewell concert in London in the year of his death (1849), he was escorted down the Thames by a squadron of boats, in one of which a band played tunes in his honor. He was extremely prolific, the number of waltzes and dances composed by him being 249; as arranged for piano, they have been printed in seven volumes by Breitkopf & Härtel.

The name of this former favorite is recalled by the death, a few days ago, of the last of his three sons—Eduard, who had passed his eightieth birthday, surviving Johann by eighteen years, and Joseph by forty-seven. Eduard was the least talented of the brothers. Though he was a thorough musician, and as facile with his pen as his father, his melodies lack the piquancy and originality which gave those of his father and his brothers wings for a world flight. Had not Joseph's life been cut short, he might have rivalled his brother Johann, for some of the most inspired "Strauss waltzes" were written by him. His death left Johann the undisputed Waltz King of his time, and the most exhilarating conductor of dance music. When Johann passed away, it was incumbent on Eduard to uphold the family traditions, which he did with success, at least as a conductor at court balls and other social functions, as well as at indoor winter and open-air summer concerts. He also travelled extensively with an orchestra, coming even as far as America. This tour was not a brilliant success; everywhere the public instinctively felt that the composer was not *the* Strauss, and that his band was not *the* Strauss Orchestra.

It is not at all improbable that the pendulum may swing back again. Twenty years hence, when musicians speak of "Strauss," who knows but that they may again have in mind Johann Strauss? To those who rank music according to its architectural dimensions and its display of academic craftsmanship, this may seem a foolish notion; but it is not so. While Johann Strauss wrote no mammoth "Zarathustra" or "Heldenleben" scores, he had the divine gift of creating melodies much more highly developed than it is in Richard Strauss; and original, individual melodies are the elixir which makes musical compositions immortal. Some years ago a German court of justice decided in all seriousness that a certain composer (Noren) could not be sentenced for melodic plagiarism because Strauss's themes, motives, and themelets did not come under the head of real melodies. Johann Strauss's themes are real melodies, and the amazing fertility of his creative fancy is evidenced by the fact that each of his four hundred waltzes contains several leading melodies, owing to the unwise structure of the waltz form, on the needless melodic wastefulness of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which the eminent Austrian critic, Eduard Hanslick, used to comment.

Besides his waltzes and other dances for the concert-hall, Johann Strauss composed more than a dozen operettas, which are also streaked with veins of fascinating melody—the same kind of melody that made masters so widely apart in taste as Brahms and Wagner join in the general admiration for the Waltz King. Wagner, in his voluminous literary works, repeatedly sings the praises of Strauss; and Brahms was once inspired to write on Mme. Strauss's fan the opening bars of the "Blue Danube" waltz with the words: "Not by Brahms, I regret to say" ("Leider nicht von Brahms").

As a matter of course, the charming dance melodies in the operettas of Strauss were promptly transferred to the ballrooms. They are also played in concert-halls, but not so often as they should be, from a foolish notion that it is not dignified to include a waltz in a classical programme. Hans von Bülow, who surely was a dignified conductor if ever there was one, urged the regular playing of Strauss waltzes at symphony concerts for the sake of variety and contrast. Violinists and pianists, as well as orchestras, play the old-fashioned dances of Bach and other eighteenth-century composers; why exclude the equally charming waltzes, simply because they are modern? One of the things Wagner and his chief opponent, Dr. Hanslick, agreed upon was admiration of the orchestral color-charm of Johann Strauss's compositions. This is particularly entrancing, also, in the Strauss operettas, masterworks for a revival of which the time is ripe. It is worth noting that Richard Strauss, in his "Rosenkavalier," tried to write Strauss waltzes, but with less success than Johann Strauss attained in investing his waltzes and operettas with Richard-Straussian splendors of orchestration.

# Finance

## In a New Year

NEITHER an advance of prices on the Stock Exchange nor a fall in them, during the opening weeks of a given year, is traditionally any index to what the character of the year will be. A very recent instance was the violent, unexpected, and prolonged decline which came at exactly this time, last January. But, if so, then what else will serve as a basis for judgment? What is the reasonable expectation for the economic history of 1917 in this country? Every one will answer that it depends on the question of whether peace returns in Europe, or not. Most people do not pursue the question any further. Yet there is ground for predicting some novel and interesting financial experiences in this country under either supposition.

If all the peace overtures turn out abortive, and the war continues, with no prospect of its end until 1918, the first question will concern our financial relations with the outside world. Shall we continue to lend on the scale of 1916 to foreign nations generally, and to the Entente Allies in particular? Such a result is entirely probable; for even if the Western belligerents manage to turn out enough finished munitions for their own requirements, they still will have to get the raw material, and they will have to draw on our steel, copper, and other metals for the purpose. They will also, under existing circumstances, have to purchase our grain and cotton at prices far above the usual level; the programme of enforced economy can reduce such purchases, but scarcely enough to alter the situation.

But whether the sequel would or would not be a year of such swift financial and industrial expansion in the United States as 1916, and, if so, what the economic result would be, that is another question. The action of the money market, at the end of 1916, proved pretty clearly that even an import of gold to the extent of $600,000,000 did not suffice to counterbalance so violent and general expansion of staple prices, domestic credits, and speculation in every market, as characterized last year. Therefore, the problem would be clearly presented (supposing continuance of the war on an even more extensive scale), whether the financial history of 1917 would be that of unrestricted expansion, with increasing tension of the money market, or relaxation in the pace of the home movement.

At the moment, the second alternative would seem to be the more probable. All that can now be said, however, is that, if the movement of 1916 were to be resumed at the same or a more violent rate, we might before many months be confronted in this country with the familiar consequences of an overdone strain on general credit. The results which have always followed such a process in time of peace might easily follow it on this occasion, even under the present abnormal circumstances.

The financial community's clear knowledge of this fact, after the warnings of the December money market and the December stock market, is perhaps the best guarantee that, even granting continued war, affairs will proceed this year in more sober and orderly fashion in American finance. The now very prevalent conviction that some sort of peace negotiations cannot be long delayed is bound to operate in the same direction. By far the most striking side-light on financial thought and expectation is the evidence, strongly reflected in the mass of year-end interviews and predictions, that the economic results of returning peace, so far as this country is concerned, had previously been drawn in colors altogether too dark.

People who a year ago were vaguely and ignorantly frightened at the unknown future, simply because it was unknown, are learning that there are some grounds for confident prediction, both as to what will occur and as to what will not occur. The course of this year's markets, in case prospects of peace were to grow brighter, would doubtless indicate and "discount" the inevitable readjustment in certain abnormally inflated prices for commodities. But financial markets should also logicaly reflect the growing disbelief in the instant ruin from European competition, and the growing confidence in our own economic power and resources, when once we have rid ourselves of reckless inflation and speculation.

Behind these more tangible considerations, there is still bound to recur to mind the vague and formidable problem, what will turn out to have been the real economic effect of the prodigious waste of the world's capital since July, 1914. We know in a general way what happened after other prolonged and exhausting wars of history, but we also know how vastly the amount of capital destroyed has surpassed that of any previous occasion. As to just what will happen in Europe itself, when the artificial props of government credit and government guarantees are withdrawn, the only certain answer is that the process will be per-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formed very gradually and slowly. If it was six years after Waterloo before the Bank of England resumed gold payment, and nearly fourteen years after Appomattox before American Government paper was redeemed in specie, it is hardly to be supposed that the strain of readjustment for belligerent Europe will this time be spread over a very much shorter period.

# The American Historical Association

THE meeting of the American Historical Association at Cincinnati, December 27-30, showed, by the extension of its programme over four days, the same tendency which other learned societies are exhibiting to prolong the period of the annual convocation. The question of the proper place in the calendar for a convocation week, so-called, which for years has been under discussion, seems as far from solution as ever. If the unofficial expressions of members are significant, however, there is increased restiveness at the necessity of giving up the larger part, and in some cases practically the whole, of the holiday recess for the meeting of some professional society. An interesting sociological study might be made of the effect upon family life of the growing habit, among professorial husbands and fathers especially, of leaving home for an "annual meeting" soon after the Christmas candles are lighted, or of eating the New Year's dinner on a dining-car. If lawyers can meet in July, and letter-carriers or switchmen at any time of the year they please, it would seem to be possible for scholars, notwithstanding their academic obligations, to arrange their annual conclaves with approximately equal freedom. The difficulty of inducing Eastern members to attend a Western meeting was also again emphasized this year, the representation of members from the Atlantic Coast States at Cincinnati being noticeably small.

One may fairly question, too, at least so far as the American Historical Association is concerned, whether the time-honored custom of reading, either *in extenso* or in nominal twenty-minute summaries, papers embodying the results of original investigations, might not with advantage be modified. It is true, of course, that historical papers, especially such as are concerned primarily with statements of fact, do not lend themselves to such discussion as is possible with topics in political science or economics; but since the papers, with few exceptions, are eventually printed, either in the *American Historical Review* or in the annual report of the Association, it is a question whether the distribution in advance of brief abstracts of some of the papers, and the presentation of others by title only, would not accomplish most of the results now sought to be attained by a procedure which, whatever its other usefulness, is certainly wasteful of time. The waste is peculiarly disturbing when, as happened more than once this year at Cincinnati, the chairmen of section meetings allowed the time-limits of the programme to be overridden, or when members who were asked to discuss papers submitted their views in writing.

The array of papers and conferences offered at the Cincinnati meeting was exceptionally rich and varied. Prof. Albert T. Olmstead, of the University of Missouri, in a paper before the ancient history section on Mesopotamian politics and scholarship, called attention to the success of French and German archæological investigators, backed by their respective governments, in appropriating the Mesopotamian field, while reprobating the German policy of removing to Berlin many important finds. In the American history section, Prof. Arthur M. Schlesinger, of Ohio State University, presented an informing study of the uprising against the East India Company in its relation to the pre-Revolutionary tea trade with the American colonies. The other papers in this section dealt with aspects of Southern history, namely, the public careers of Robert B. Rhett, of South Carolina, and Howell Cobb, of Georgia, and the railway policy of the Confederate Government. A special session on American colonial policy in the Philippines, held jointly with the American Political Science Association, included surveys of conditions in the Philippine Islands since the inauguration of the Philippine Assembly, and the education of the Filipinos.

To the historical field outside of the United States and its dependencies were accorded two sections; one for English history, in which two of the four papers scheduled—"Was there a Common Council before Parliament?" by Prof. Albert B. White, of the University of Minnesota, and English criminal law and benefit of clergy in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, by Prof. Arthur L. Cross, of the University of Michigan—were of a legal or institutional character; and one labelled general history, which offered so diversified a range of topics as the beginnings of the standing army in Prussia, history and pathology, and American historical periodicals. Welcome novelties were a session on China and Japan, another on mediæval and modern Constantinople, and a third on great peace congresses (Vienna, Paris, and Berlin) of the nineteenth century.

The overshadowing importance of the European war could not, of course, be ignored by an association of historians; and while partisanship was carefully avoided, and no attempt was made to survey systematically the history of any part of the great struggle, various aspects of the situation were discussed. Aside from the section meetings already referred to, in several of which were papers touching more or less directly upon European conditions, the chief interest centred in the session of Wednesday evening, devoted to a consideration of recent phases of the European balance of power. Three admirable papers—the Ententes and the isolation of Germany, by Prof. Charles Seymour, of Yale, two conceptions of the freedom of the seas, by Prof. Jesse S. Reeves, of Michigan, and England and neutral trade in the Napoleonic and present wars, by Prof. William E. Lingelbach, of the University of Pennsylvania—handled with ability and skill the delicate questions of policy with which they severally dealt. A Cincinnati newspaper, referring to this session, announced that the Association had given to the Allies "a clean bill of health"; but while in neither case did the writers of the papers go out of their way to attack or defend either side, their general conclusions, set forth with careful moderation, were certainly not favorable to German policy or pretensions.

In addition to sessions for the presentation of formal papers, provision was made, as in former years, for a number of conferences for the discussion of special historical activities. A luncheon conference of hereditary patriotic societies, although offering little more than a presentation of the work and aspirations of half a dozen of the leading organizations, was a recognition of the important agency of such societies in developing popular interest in history and biography, and a step towards a possible greater coöperation in the future, not only between such societies and the Association, but also among the various societies themselves. The discussion, at another conference, of practical matters connected with the administration of public archives raised frankly the question, among others, whether too much documentary material was not being preserved, and whether it was not desirable to determine what classes of public records were, and what were not, of permanent value. The programme of a conference of historical societies included, among other items, a brief but informing sketch of the organization and work of the Ontario Historical Society of Canada. There were also the usual conferences on history teaching in secondary schools, and on the field and method of the elementary college course in history, on neither of which matters the members of the Association have as yet reached, apparently, unanimity of opinion.

The Mississippi Valley Historical Association, in reality a sort of mid-continental branch of the American Historical Association, held its annual meeting and dinner at Cincinnati on the evening of December 26, and later participated in a joint session with the parent body. A proposal to enlist this Association in a movement for the introduction of State history into the public schools, regarding which some preliminary steps had been taken, encountered the practical objection, urged particularly by Prof. E. C. Barker, of the University of Texas, that the school curriculum was already overcrowded. One may be permitted to doubt, however, irrespective of the condition of the curriculum, whether the history of every State is worth the attention of any save advanced students. The whole tendency of political development at the present time is certainly

[*Continued on Page 60.*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Summary of the News

PEACE, though not advanced during the past week by the dispatch of any formal note, has nevertheless been the central topic of interest. While there has been much speculation as to the reply of the Allies to President Wilson's note of December 18, the reply itself is said to be ready for transmission, but its publication will be held up until it can be given out simultaneously in the countries concerned. Meanwhile, Ambassador Gerard has been exerting himself to maintain friendly relations between the United States and Germany. At a dinner given in his honor in Berlin on Saturday by the American Association of Commerce and Trade, he is reported to have said that "never since the beginning of the war have the relations between Germany and the United States been so cordial as now." The banquet assumed a somewhat official character owing to the presence of three German Ministers. Because Ambassador Gerard referred to the President's message to Germany as an "olive branch" and so perhaps may have prejudiced the President's efforts in the eyes of the Allies, Secretary Lansing directed him by cable on Monday to forward to the State Department an accurate report of his speech. As a part of this whole matter we record the fact that Ambassador Bernstorff was criticised by Senator Lodge for his enthusiastic reception of the President's note—an irregular proceeding.

SENATOR HITCHCOCK'S resolution approving the President's move for peace, after being warmly debated in the Senate, was amended and was passed on Friday by a vote of 48 to 17. The objection to the original resolution was prompted by a fear, expressed especially by Senators Lodge and Borah, that by the adoption of it the United States would be pledged to an international agreement to guarantee peace which would mean the abandonment of its historic policy of refraining from participation in European politics and which might also endanger the Monroe Doctrine. As amended and passed, the resolution commits the Senate to approval of merely the President's request that the belligerent nations shall state the terms upon which peace might be discussed.

A BY-PRODUCT of the peace note, having certain amusing if also contemptible aspects, is the so-called "leak" to Wall Street by which it is alleged that certain persons were able to profit by their knowledge of the note in advance of its publication. Purely on hearsay, it turns out, Representative William R. Wood implicated in this "plot" Secretary Tumulty, Otto H. Kahn, Mr. Bolling, and Bernard M. Baruch, a New York stock broker. In the inquiry started by the House Committee on Rules, Thomas W. Lawson on Monday made equally vague charges involving a Cabinet officer. When Mr. Lawson refused to reveal his informant owing, as he is reported to have said, to the embarrassment which this would cause the Administration, he was threatened with contempt of court, but the charge was withheld for the time being. On the same day Mr. Tumulty and Secretary Lansing appeared before the Committee to deny all knowledge of the "leak."

DURING the past week Allied Premiers and Ministers have been in session at Rome, with the intention, according to the correspondents who were ready with their surmises, of so ordering the coming campaigns as to hasten the termination of the war. It is inferred that the Balkan campaign is a matter of the greatest concern, and it is freely said that the aid of the Italians in the Balkans has been earnestly sought. But it is more probable, as we point out in our editorial columns, that the main intention is to effect a unity of purpose in the Entente. The situation in Greece is still complicated. According to the London *Times* of Tuesday's date, the Allied conference has dispatched a note to the Greek Government requiring "prompt compliance with all the previous demands of the Allies and notification of the acceptance of those demands by the Greek Government within a period which, it is believed, does not exceed forty-eight hours."

A DISTRESSING account of deported Belgians was printed in the papers of last Friday, in which a description was given of the hardships endured by some of these victims, who were so overcome through hunger and exposure that they had to be sent back to their country. A report emanating from Amsterdam alleges that the deportees from the neighborhood of Charleroi are being sent into the occupied parts of Poland, and that, though the Germans here and there are returning deported Belgians owing to protests, yet they continue to remove citizens from other towns.

THE British Army scandal revealing the tyrannical influence of a woman in the forefront of English aristocracy was brought to light on January 3 by the report of a court of inquiry. The court found that through the influence of Mrs. Cornwallis-West, mother of the Princess of Pless and the Duchess of Westminster, Lieut. Patrick Barrett, who had not responded satisfactorily to the great lady's friendliness, had been injured in his career. The court did not mince matters, stating its conviction that the power which this lady wielded at the War Office was prejudicial to the best interests of the Army. As a result of this inquiry Barrett's commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. Delme-Radcliffe, was removed from his command, Gen. Sir John Cowans was censured, and there was reproof of Lord French, the predecessor of Sir Douglas Haig on the western front. It is expected that this revelation will not be without salutary effects.

THE somewhat mysterious career of the Russian monk Rasputin was ended on the night of Friday of last week, when he was taken from his house by certain young men of prominent standing in Petrograd and murdered. There had long been intense feeling against Rasputin because of his alleged influence upon the Czar and because of his pro-German leanings.

THE only military engagements of importance to record this week are the activities in Rumania. The report came from Berlin on January 5 that Braila, Rumania's chief commercial city, had been captured by the Teuto-Bulgarian armies and that Dobrudja had been entirely cleared of the enemy. It is thus felt in German quarters that any Russian plan to reach Constantinople by passing through this region can be considered to have failed. On January 7 the Russians and Rumanians were dislodged from their positions over a considerable front in Southern Moldavia and the important Rumanian town of Fokshani was captured, 4,000 prisoners having been taken. It is admitted in London that the loss of Fokshani is a serious menace to the whole Sereth position.

RUSSIAN troops on Saturday advanced their line west of Riga on the most northerly sector of the Russo-German front. Announcement was officially made in Petrograd of the capture of 275 prisoners, one battery, and some machine guns.

ON January 8 the report of the Conference Committee on the Immigration bill, retaining the literacy test, was accepted by the Senate by a vote of 56 to 10. After similar action by the House, the bill will be sent to the President, who is expected to repeat the veto which he imposed on the measure when it last came up for his signature.

HEARINGS were begun on Monday before the Supreme Court looking to a decision on the constitutionality of the Adamson law. The life of the Newlands Committee, which has been collecting data on the physical valuation of the railways, will be continued by joint resolution of the Senate and House.

PROF. F. W. TAUSSIG, of Harvard, has accepted the Chairmanship of the Tariff Commission created by the General Revenue act of September 8, 1916. He will not resign his chair but has been granted leave of absence by the university during the performance of his new duties.

AN ugly altercation has grown out of the criticism of New York's District Attorney, Edward Swann, by Lucian S. Breckinridge, his former special assistant in the prosecutions carried on in the East Side labor riots. Mr. Swann, without attempting to meet this criticism, retaliated by charging that Mr. Breckinridge had accepted a thousand dollars to act in behalf of employers interested in the strike cases. The whole disagreeable situation is likely to be investigated by Governor Whitman.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Continued from Page 58.*]

in the direction of a subordination of the States to the General Government, and towards emphasizing national and international rather than local concerns; and while the administrative and governmental systems of the States and of their local subdivisions are important, State history, in the majority of cases at least, would seem to be best dealt with by limiting attention to the particular episodes in which a State has held, for the moment, a distinct measure of national interest.

A conference of representatives of university departments of history, political science, and economics on the establishment of a university centre at Washington, while having no official connection with the Association, took up in a preliminary way a question which may ultimately prove of much significance for historical scholarship. The plan, as formulated tentatively by a committee, contemplated the establishment at Washington of a residence hall for graduate students, and the appointment from year to year of a resident director of graduate studies; the expense to be met mainly by annual contributions from universities participating in the undertaking. The project was approved informally by the persons who met to consider it, and was then referred to a committee for further examination, and for submission to the councils of the American Historical, the American Political Science, and the American Economic Associations and other interested bodies.

The financial and business interests of the Association are in general in a healthy state; and the adoption of a number of comprehensive suggestions, made by a special committee on finance appointed at the Washington meeting, a year ago, should further improve the details of financial administration. It is clear, however, that, with the present membership and existing dues, the income will scarcely support any material expansion of the Association's multiform activities, or warrant the assumption of new or definite financial obligations. The vexed question of the ownership and control of the *American Historical Review*, in regard to which there has been considerable difference of opinion, and which obviously involves weighty financial considerations quite apart from considerations of policy, was temporarily disposed of by a vote taking over the *Review*, but leaving in the hands of the present board of editors, until the next annual meeting, all of their present powers.

W. M.

# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

## FICTION.

Keith, K. The Girl. Holt. $1.35 net.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Central Conference of the American Rabbis. Year Book. Vol. XXVI. Edited by I. E. Marcuson.

Fairchild, H. P. Outline of Applied Sociology. Macmillan. $1.75.

Patterson, W. M. The Rhythm of Prose. Columbia University Press.

Report of the Librarian of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds. Government Printing Office.

Robinson, C. Continental Europe 1270-1598. Holt.

## RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Morison, J. A. The World, the Church, and the Devil. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.

Taylor, T. The Celtic Christianity of Cornwall. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.

## GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Holcombe, A. N. State Government in the United States. Macmillan. $2.25.

Kemmerer, E. W. Modern Currency Reforms. Macmillan. $2.40.

Maeztu, R. de. Authority, Liberty and Function in the Light of the War. Macmillan.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Ingpen, A. R. An Ancient Family. Longmans, Green.

Le Strange, H. Le Strange Records. A Chronicle of the Early Le Stranges of Norfolk and the March of Wales. A. D. 1100-1310. Longmans, Green. 7.

Priestley, H. I. Jose de Galvez, Visitor-General of New Spain 1765-1771. Berkeley, Cal.: University of California Press. $2.75.

## DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Peele, G. The Old Wives' Tale. Boston: Badger. 60 cents net.


**KATHERINE KEITH'S GIRL**

Some portions of this book were features in several numbers of *The Atlantic Monthly*, which announced them as "a personal revelation, such as we believe has not appeared in print for many years."

*Just Ready.* $1.35 *net.*

**HENRY HOLT & COMPANY.**

**JUST OUT**

**By Prof. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS of Yale University**

**THE ADVANCE of the ENGLISH NOVEL**

A sketch of the development of the novel in the English language, with special emphasis upon modern writers such as Wells, Galsworthy, Gertrude Atherton, Edith Wharton.

A guide to the best novelists and their best books—authoritative, entertaining. 12mo. $1.50 net.

**DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY NEW YORK**

**Isaac Mayer Wise**

**The Founder of American Judaism**
**A Biography**

**By Max B. May, A.M.**

Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Hamilton County, Ohio.

8°. Illustrated. $2.00.

The first complete history of the life and work of one who was not only the most prominent figure in American Judaism during the last half of the nineteenth century, but to whom more than to any one else is due the establishment of American Judaism and all the many institutions which preserve that Judaism in this country.

**G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS**
**New York London**

**BIG BOOK CATALOG FREE**

Books of General and Special Interest
THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
902 Winston Building Philadelphia

**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA**

Lists of Publications in sciences, philosophy, philology, history, economics, will be sent upon request.

**The University of California Press**
**BERKELEY, CAL.**

**YEARS OF MY YOUTH**

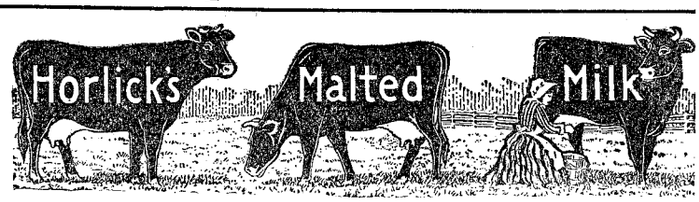
**By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS**

"No novel Mr. Howells ever wrote holds more human interest than this story of his youth."—*San Francisco Bulletin.* $2.00 net

HARPER & BROTHERS

**The Original Malted Milk**

**Nourishing**
**Delicious**
**Digestible**




The powder dissolves in water. Needs no cooking—Keep it on hand.

Rich Milk, Malted grain extract in powder. The Original Food-Drink for all ages.
For Infants, Invalids and growing children. More nourishing than tea, coffee, etc.
Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. In the home, or at Hotels and Cafes.
Invigorates nursing mothers, and the aged. Substitutes cost YOU Same Price.

**AEOLIAN HALL**

**Monday, January 22d, 3 P. M.**

**Piano Recital by**

**Guiomar Novaes**

The Brilliant Brazilian Pianiste

For the benefit of the Manassas Industrial School for Colored Youth, Manassas Va.

**BOXES $25.00**

Tickets—$2.00 to 50 cents, at Box Office or Miss F. Paulin, 20 Vesey Street.

(By arrangement with Loudon Charlton)
Steinway Piano Used.


THE NATION PRESS, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED